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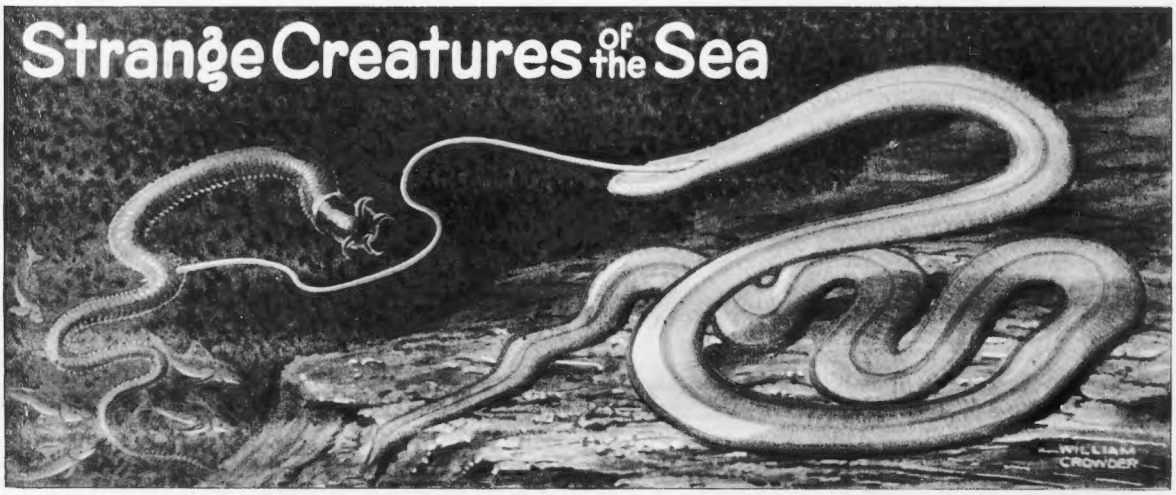
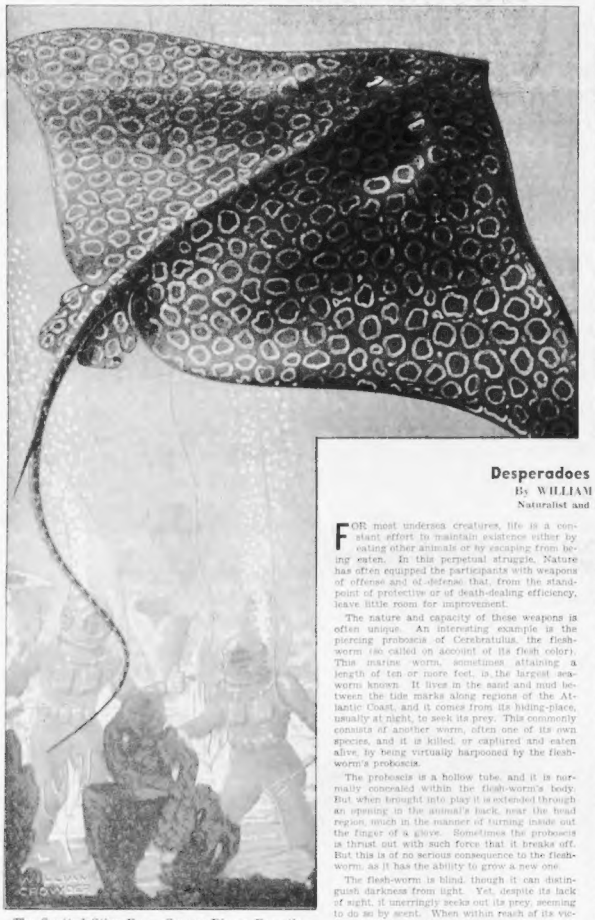
Sunday, Dec. 20, 1936

Strange Creatures of the Sea



Sea-Worm Harpooning Its Victim. The Flesh-Worm Carries Its Long Harpoon-Like Weapon Concealed Within Its Body, and Suddenly Expels It to Entangle or Pierce Its Prey.



The Spotted Sting-Ray. Sponge-Divers Fear the Sting-Ray Because It Can Puncture Their Rubber Diving Suits.

Swordfish Attacking a Sawfish. Swordfishes Are Very Courageous, Often Assailing Larger Fish and Sometimes Boats.

Desperadoes of the Deep

By WILLIAM CROWDER,
Naturalist and Marine Artist.

FOR most undersea creatures, life is a constant effort to maintain existence either by eating other animals or by escaping from being eaten. In this perpetual struggle, Nature has often equipped the participants with weapons of offense and of defense that, from the standpoint of protective or of death-dealing efficiency, leave little room for improvement.

The nature and capacity of these weapons is often unique. An interesting example is the piercing proboscis of Cerebratulus, the flesh-worm (so called on account of its flesh color). This marine worm, sometimes attaining a length of ten or more feet, is the largest sea-worm known. It lives in the sand and mud between the tide marks along regions of the Atlantic Coast, and it comes from its hiding-place, usually at night, to seek its prey. This commonly consists of another worm, often one of its own species, and it is killed, or captured and eaten alive, by being virtually harpooned by the flesh-worm's proboscis.

The proboscis is a hollow tube, and it is normally concealed within the flesh-worm's body. But when brought into play it is extended through an opening in the animal's back, near the head region, much in the manner of turning inside out the finger of a glove. Sometimes the proboscis is thrust out with such force that it breaks off. But this is of no serious consequence to the flesh-worm, as it has the ability to grow a new one.

The flesh-worm is blind, though it can distinguish darkness from light. Yet, despite its lack of sight, it unerringly seeks out its prey, seeming to do so by scent. When within reach of its victim, it shoots out its spine-tipped proboscis with lightning swiftness, piercing or entangling the other to prevent escape.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the sting-ray is this creature's formidable sting, or spine, with which it is armed. There are numerous species of sting-rays. All of them live in warm seas, and all of them are provided with a dangerous, sharp-pointed and barbed, or saw-edged, spine protruding from the upper side of the tail toward its junction with the body.

This so-called sting is solely a defensive weapon and is never used in the capture of food. Its danger to man lies in the fact that when the animal is surprised or threatened it lashes its long whip-like tail around with great violence, inflicting a painful and sometimes serious wound. It is because sting-rays can use their armed tails with such telling effect that sponge-divers respect these animals greatly. The sharp and powerful spine can easily puncture the rubber suits.

But for both defensive and offensive purposes, the equipment of the sawfish and of the swordfish is the most formidable and peculiar possessed by the larger sea creatures. Yet, terrifying as the sawfish may appear, the swordfish, with its simple rapier-like snout, is the more courageous, and it may be the more murderous, of the two. The sawfish kills by threshing its saw from side to side among the schools of smaller creatures on which it largely subsists.

The swordfish kills likewise, and in addition it pierces its prey, and will often unhesitatingly attack objects larger than itself. It has been known to attack small boats, and even wooden ships, leaving its sword broken off in the keel. It is recorded that a wounded swordfish rammed a boat through the side and made a puncture two inches deep in the heel of a sailor. Vessels have limped into port, leaking badly from perforations made by wounded swordfishes.

A Toast In Toast To Famous Personalities

Mr. Strakes' Amusing Caricature of Einstein, Made of Ordinary Toast and Mounted on a Prosaic, Unscientific Sandwich.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt, With Emphasized Characteristics on Toast, in the Window Display by the Clever Bread Sculptor.

Even the Humorous Treatment of This Toast Statue Did Not Remove the Austere Expression of Russia's Dictator, Stalin.

Emperor Haile Selassie in a Happier Day, With His Gay Umbrella and Well-known Whiskers.

Easiest of All Personalities to Burlesque in Stone, Paint, or Even Toast, Is the Venerable and Bewhiskered George Bernard Shaw.

FAME comes to people in strange ways, sometimes and it has perched on the modest shoulder of one Louis Strakes, who operates a small sandwich shop in New York City and, when he has the time, does remarkable artistic tricks with slices of toast.

Not long ago Mr. Strakes conceived the idea that toast is the ideal medium for advertising a place that sells sandwiches, but he knew that ordinary slices of browned bread or even pieces cut in triangles, squares, circles, and other simple shapes wouldn't stop many prospective customers. Pictures —that's what he needed. So he went to work and created a series of portraits with toast and a few toothpicks to hold the various sections of his odd works of art together. He put them in his window—and his reputation as an artist of genuine talent has been growing ever since.

The photographs on this page show only a few celebrities that Strakes has toasted in toast. It is apparent, at a glance, that the fellow at the extreme left of the page is Prof. Einstein, the eminent scientist. The slar in his hand is a clever touch, bespeaking his interest in space and the stars scattered about in it.

No one could mistake the toast tableau of President Roosevelt and the First Lady, or the amusing likenesses of Emperor Haile Selassie, Stalin and George Bernard Shaw. Every one of the caricatures is distinctive and, as one prominent New York sculptor says, the creation of a talent that does not belong in a sandwich shop.

Toast-artist Strakes works hard at his avocation. He has to, he says, to get the effects he does. No mere profile of this famous person and that one would keep people crowding about his show window—and sometimes dropping in for a club sandwich or a four-decker of special design.

"First off," says Mr. Strakes, "every bit of toast in one of the figures has to be the right shade of brown. President Roosevelt, for example, is not nearly so dark as Haile Selassie, and it wouldn't do to have Mr. Shaw's beard anything but white, nor Stalin's walrus mustache less than coal black."

It is impossible, it seems, to do anything very artistic with toast once it cools off. The work has to be done while the slices of bread are warm and pliable. A dull knife is a poor tool, too, and the amusing take-offs on the world's greatest great and near-great have to be cut with a blade as sharp as a razor.

Such items as eyebrows, spectacles, teeth, buttons, necktes and other details of feature and costume have to be done with infinite pains and the artist has to work fast as well as accurately.

Many people who have marveled at the toasted works of art have assumed that Strakes is a real artist who put in his time at some academy working with the pencil, the brush and, probably, the scalpel. They find it hard to believe it is a statement that he never took a lesson.

Some of the caricatures are a foot high, but most of them run from six to eight inches in height. Mr. Strakes much prefers, he says, to work in the smaller sizes, although this calls for greater pains.

If he chose to work with clay instead of with browned bits of the "staff of life" he could, in the opinion of more than one able artist, make a lot of money and build a wide reputation in a field much more interesting than that of peddling sandwiches. But, to date, Mr. Strakes has not intimated that he might devote all his time to drawing and modeling.

The sculptor in toast is a good-natured fellow, who would not think of offending any of the people he lampoons. He was flattered and a little upset when he heard that a toasted figure of Mussolini, which he once displayed in his window, somehow found its way to the British War Office in London.

Mrs. Marjorie Freeman, of Hollywood, and Her Pet Lion, Which Meekly Submits to a Bath as If He Were a Kitten, and Perhaps Not Aware of His Might Should He Raise an Objection to the Ordeal and Get Into an Argument With His Mistress.

The Seven Foremost Pickpockets in the United States

THE picture at the bottom of the page is a remarkable photograph. Study the faces carefully, try to remember them, and if you ever see any one of those gentlemen on the street, in a bus or street car or a movie theatre, watch him! These men are the foremost pickpockets in the United States, every one expert in his line.

When 11,000 doctors and their families and friends gathered at their annual convention in Kansas City recently, these gentlemen also stepped off the train because it looked like a harvest season for them. Doctors are an unsuspicious, easy bunch to work, and most of them are likely to have a fairly well-filled pocketbook and a gold watch. But the alert police department of Kansas City knew that these gentlemen are accustomed to foil low conventions, just as the Indians used to follow the buffaloes in earlier years. Detectives sauntered about the hotel lobbies and gathered in these experts and locked them up until the convention was over and the doctors had left town.

Beginning at the left they are George Morris, who has been arrested sixty times in sixteen cities. Next is George Moore, known as Watts, who has been arrested 125 times in about forty cities and convicted several times. Number 3 is Harry Golden, grabbed by the police seventy-five times and five times sent to jail. The rather young looking man in the background is Ed Maxwell, who has only been arrested twenty-three times but he still has many years ahead of him to practice his profession. Number 5, the man with the heavy jowls, is William Stillman, whose record shows fourteen arrests and two prison sentences. Next to the last man is James Bowers, gathered in by the police sixty times and once a prison inmate. The last man in the line is Roy Jacobs, arrested thirty-two times in twenty-three cities but with only one prison sentence.

Watts, who is No. 2 in the line, is considered the slickest and one of the oldest pickpockets in the United States and while he was in the police lockup during the convention was accused by Harry Golden (the third of the men shown above) of picking his pocket during their exercise period in the prison yard. Perhaps Watts was merely practicing to keep his fingers nimble while the police had him.

Golden is a specialist in moving picture theatre operations. He is known as a "movie-aisle pickpocket." He works with a confederate who jostles somebody in the aisle, apologizes for his carelessness, and in the confusion his companion, Golden, steals pocketbook, watch, jewelry or whatever can be grabbed.

While they were "resting" in the Kansas City jail, these light-fingered guests of the city were subjected to a lot of questions about their achievements and the clever manner in which they carry on their profession. But they were in no mood to be chatty and parried every query with some retort that threw little, if any, light on their goings and comings.

Mr. Watts, in a moment of boastfulness, did explain to a patrolman that he had "split a finger."

"Your hands look all right to me," said the policeman.

Watts turned a pitying glance on the officer. "Get onto yourself," he said. "I'm telling you that I missed a touch."

In spite of the precautions of the Kansas City police, several doctors reported having their pockets picked during the convention so there must have been at least a few expert pickpockets who were overlooked by the detectives. The old regulars, out of curiosity, probably would like to know just who got the loot.

A Septette of the Ace Pickpockets of America, Photographed Under Arrest in Kansas City, Where They Were Rounded Up Just Before a Recent Convention, Upon Which They Had Ambitious Designs.

Just Like a Lamb—But a Lion

WHEN Mrs. Marjorie Freeman, of Hollywood, California, reads stories about the ferocity of lions, she takes the yarns with a grain of salt, because she has one of the jungle beasts for a family pet.

She knows, of course, that all lions aren't tame. But she knows, too, that if you bring a lion up from the time it's a cub it acquires many lamb-like qualities. Her "cat", for example doesn't particularly enjoy his weekly tub bath, but he patiently submits to being lathered and rinsed and dried.

Even when his mistress gets soap in his eyes, he only shakes his big head, growls a little and makes no attempt to bite or get away from the ordeal.

When the cub was given to Mrs. Freeman and her husband they took it, as they explain, "for better or for worse", expecting that after a few months they would have to keep the animal penned up for the sake of their own safety. But the lion has grown beyond the "kitty" stage and is still a member of the family in good standing. One of his favorite pleasures is riding around in the front seat of the Freeman car.

"I suppose," says Mrs. Freeman, "that the day is not far off when I'll have to give up washing Pal and taking him around in the car, because he's growing all the time and probably will get as large as the lions that roar so realistically in the circus."

Explains Colors and Shapes of Flowers

THE AVERAGE person is content to enjoy flowers for their beauty and their fragrance, but Science, always seeking the whys and wherefores of Nature, sees more in flowers than meets the eye.

After a series of studies Dr. Francis W. Pennell, curator of botany at Philadelphia's Academy of Natural Sciences, is convinced that Mother Nature made many blossoms as they are for the convenience of bees, butterflies, humming birds and other winged creatures.

Dr. Pennell believes that the blue flowers attract bees, purple flowers appeal to butterflies and red flowers draw humming birds. He finds good reasons, too, for the shapes of blossoms and the angles at which they are fixed on their stems. Horizontal, two-lipped flowers, it seems, make ideal landing stages for bees which cannot, like the humming bird, gather pollen while suspended in the air. The foxglove, blue sage and sweet pea fall in this class.

Long tubular flowers like the honeysuckle and trumpet flower are often too narrow for bees, but ideal for humming birds, with their long beaks. Narrow flower tubes with spreading tops, like the phlox, are just the thing for butterflies.

Every flower, the survey suggests, has very sensible reasons for its shape and the hue of its petals.

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End of Lady Moira's "Frozen Honeymoon"

Her Noble Bridegroom's Titled Sweetheart Cast the First Chill On It at the Very Altar When She Placed Their Baby, Figuratively, on the Church Steps, and the Bride, Seeking Warmth and Freedom, Says Thereafter Came Never a Thaw

Lady Moira and Count de Brantes Looking Over Some Wedding Presents, from Queen Mary and Others of the Royal Family of England—and Even These Could Not Make Their Honeymoon Successful.

PARIS, Dec. 31.

LADY MOIRA FORBES $12,000,000 heiress is free to marry again if she wants to. The fox-hunting, hard-riding Irish beauty of twenty-seven, whose mother, the Countess Granard, is a close friend of Queen Mary, and whose grandfather was the late Ogden Mills, American multi-millionaire, has won a divorce at Paris from the Count Louis de Brantes. The Count had been called "that offshoot from a sword-plant," is thirty-three, and pampered son of an immensely wealthy mother who is the heiress of the Schneider-Creusot family of munition makers.

Almost ever since her wedding day in December, 1934, Lady Moira has been trying to rid herself of this sprig of French nobility. And yet few weddings ever seemed to have such an auspicious start. At the parish church of Cangunish, Ireland, many of the highest in British aristocracy and nobility, had assembled in honor of the event. Among the costly wedding presents those from Queen Mary and King George of England, and the royal family were conspicuous. The bride and bridesmaids looked like a milliner's dream of Heaven.

And then the Princess Nadejda Sherbatov, who had been the Count's sweetheart, threw a bombshell from Paris so accurately timed that it exploded while the happy pair were kneeling at the altar. The Princess brought suit against her former lover for $67,000 for breach-of-promise to marry and what the French politely call "rupture of relations". Not only that, but the Princess quite in the fashion of the old melodramas, placed on the church doorstep a baby daughter, which she said was the Count's as well as hers, and proof that she had really expected him to marry her.

This was very distressing, and a most lamentable moment for such disagreeable facts of life to be introduced, and many thought it not very sporting of the Princess. Although Lady Moira had no inkling of what had happened when she left the church, she could not, of course, remain long in ignorance. She might have overlooked the Count's false step, but, she told the President of the Paris Tribunal, M. Fremicourt, this or something brought about at once a most mysterious and painful transformation in him, the Count.

"During our courtship," she lamented, "Louis loved me passionately. But following the marriage ceremony he became a lump of ice that no glance of mine could melt. We embraced at the altar, and have been enemies ever since. My honeymoon was a frozen one. His feeling toward me showed itself in deprecatory speeches, in slights, and in neglect. Once he humiliated me in public by remarking that his wife differed from a roll of banknotes only in the possession of a tongue.

"In exchange of my kisses, profusely offered, I received not even so much as a little hypocritical tenderness, or indifferent esteem. But while the Count was unaccountably cool to me, he did not fail to endear himself to some of my attractive waiting-maids."

In proof of some of these charges,

Lady Moira Forbes Going Out to the Hunt.

Lady Moira handed the Court a letter which she said he had written her, the opening paragraph of which read as follows:

"I cannot carry out a marriage which for me becomes more painful every day. I can see that I was mistaken when I told you that I loved you. I can no longer love you. It is impossible for me to foresee a day when we could live together as husband and wife."

"Why? Oh, why?" lamented Lady Moira, and one of the sympathetic judges murmured: "As your Shakespeare says—'Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.'"

But the Count had his own side of the story. He speedily found, he said, that his bride possessed an exacting nature, that she was what romance writers call "intense." There were times when one desired to be alone, but she could not seem to understand this. He said that his wife was subject to nerve-storms, and made scenes.

"Our first month of marriage," he bitterly complained, "was a 'lune de fiel', a moon of wormwood, and not a 'lune de miel' or moon of honey."

There was, for example, the night she smashed the phonograph records over his head. It was not so long after the wedding, and the topic had been the Princess Sherbatov and the baby. Perhaps recalling the English playwright Congreve's famous lines, "Music has charms to soothe a savage breast, to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak," the Count had installed a phonograph in their bedroom. With it he had selected a number of what he thought were soothing records. At first, it seemed to work well, and then his bride leaped up, tore the record from the machine and smashed it over his head. This, he said, she repeated with others.

No one learned what the titles of the records had been, whether tender love songs or what; nor why the bride had preferred them to a lamp or chair or other more damaging weapon. It was agreed that if the situation had been such as Lady Moira had described, he should have exercised the greatest care in selecting the records, equally as much as one would exercise in taking matches, say, into a powder magazine. The Count said it was an extremely painful experience, and thereafter for a time he absented himself from his bride.

She was, he also complained, prone to screaming, scolding, weeping and hysterics. Her temper, he said, reminded him of the day he crossed the Irish Sea during a tempest. He called her "a hurricane in petticoats, a simoom." The simoom is a peculiar kind of storm. When she was not this, she was what he described to titterings in the courtroom as "affectionately adhesive."

"Although my family is fabulously wealthy," explained the Count, "my wife accused me of being a base fortune-stealer, insinuating that I had carefully played my cards to form a rich alliance. Moreover, she cast doubts on my noble origin, saying she heard I was descended on the maternal side from a Martinique creole, of light reputation, but of dark blood.

"Tired of listening to my wife's abuse, I determined to end a tragi-comedy which had become odious to both of us. I returned to the Continent and sent her a letter, in which I pointed out that we did not move like stars united in their spheres; that

The Princess Nadejda Sherbatov, Who Says Her Baby Is Also the Count de Brantes', Sued Him on His Wedding Day, and Refuses Now to Take Him Back.

The Princess Sherbatov and the Baby.

there was a complete negation of sympathy between us; that our marriage had been the confusion and not the fusion of two lives; that we heartily hated each other and should part; that if she were weary of living with a half a man," as she used to call me, I, too, was tired of being domiciled with a hurricane in petticoats."

So far as the Princess was concerned, he was sure that he had mentioned it once to Lady Moira, and thought she understood that a de Brantes could hardly reach the age of thirty-three without some small indiscretion.

Lady Moira was given her divorce and has now returned to her former title of Lady Forbes. The Count, apparently in a repentant mood, reverted to the Princess he had jilted for the Irish heiress, and on bended knee begged her to forgive and marry him. Incidentally, of course, she would withdraw her $67,000 lawsuit against him.

But Nadejda's heart-wounds had not healed, or, if so, had hardened her heart with scar-tissue. She met him with a searing blast of personal comments that made Lady Moira's hurrying canes seem like zephyrs. She would not even show him their baby.

The Count went to his mother for advice and comfort, and, so it is said, received a lecture that outdid the efforts of both ex-wife and ex-sweetheart. Since she holds the purse strings, he dared not flee from this storm.

Just now, however, has come something which has silenced her and every other person connected with the Schneider - Creusot family. Last month the French Government started a lawsuit against that firm of munition manufacturers, charging that M. Schneider, head of the great concern, had defrauded his own nation by selling defective and condemned guns to the navy, stamping them with counterfeit Government seals.

The political influence of the munition-making house is great and the matter, whether true or not, might be quietly fixed up but for an even more serious question that arose in connection with the Riffian war in Africa and was never settled. While that war was going on, there was much speculation as to where the rebel Abd-el-Krim was getting all the guns and ammunition to use against the French soldiers. It was generally supposed that the source must be "those wicked Germans."

As soon as the war was over an investigation was started which proceeded vigorously until the captured chieftain himself was questioned. He stunned the investigators by saying:

"Your own Schneider-Creusot people sold me all that I could pay for."

The investigation was promptly hushed, but this time the public is not likely to permit it. And to add to the sorrows of the noble De Brantes, a Paris editor has announced that he will reprint a book first published many years ago by an Italian woman and suppressed in France. This book, among other disagreeable things, purports to give evidence that the Count's mother, the Marquise de Brantes, is directly descended from a Martinique mulattress of dubious morals, the very thing that Count Louis' bride brought up on that argumentative honeymoon.

Count Louis' romance with the Princess Sherbatov, a Russian refugee of his own age, began in Paris during 1931. The Princess, whose father was an aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke Nicholas, is a woman of such charm that she catches and holds all eyes. At the time she fascinated Count de Brantes, the Princess was getting a good salary as a mannequin and also a divorce from Count Steinbock-Farmen, whom she had married ten years before.

The fact that she was still legally tied to one Count did not prevent her from gallivanting about with another. Count Louis and the Russian beauty explored together most of the pleasure haunts on the Continent, and then the wilds of the Hoggar Plateau (the Princess claims to have been the first white woman to penetrate this wilderness). Here Louis, under the desert's romantic spell, promised to marry his companion as soon as they returned to Europe and she had obtained a divorce from Count Steinbock-Farmen.

Months passed and life flowed pleasantly and carelessly until the pair reached Paris, where their sentimental journey had long been a subject of gossip in the highest circles. The Count's mother, Madame la Marquise, was indignant at the couple's unconventional behavior, as she did not relish the notion of her son associating with a penniless mannequin.

In the meantime, the Princess secured her divorce and presented the Count with a girl baby, whom she named Nadejda, which means "hope" in Russian.

If she hoped that he would accept the presentation that hope was in vain. When the Princess asked why he didn't marry her, he explained:

"My mother won't let me."

The Princess does admit that when he married Lady Moira she did not exactly wish them a happy honeymoon.

Nobody knows whether Lady Moira has sent back Queen Mary's and King George's wedding presents.

But Answering Some of His Bride's Charges, the Count de Brantes Complained that One Night, in the Seclusion of Their Apartment, Lady Moira So Lost Her Temper That She Broke Phonograph Records Over His Head, Which Added Nothing to Warm Up the Refrigerated Romance.

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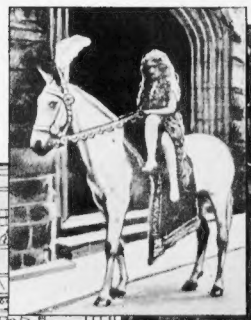
Real Legend of Lady Godiva "Whitewashed" By English Prudes?

Old Print Showing a Memorial Sixteenth Century Procession in Honor of Lady Godiva, Who, the French Claim, Didn't Mind Being Seen Without Clothing as She Rode Through the City.

In the Drawing Below, the Lady Godiva Procession, Such as Was Popular Annually in the Nineteenth Century, Is Pictured.

Snapshot of the 1936 Counterpart of the Nude Heroine of Coventry, Only This One Wears Tights and Has Borrowed the Horse Owned by the Chief of Police.



The Original Lady Godiva of Legendary Fame Looked Like This, According to the Artist J. Lefebvre. (Copyright, 1899, by Braun, Clement and Company.)

THE good people of Coventry, the town through which the blond and beautiful Lady Godiva rode naked a thousand years or so ago, are quite upset by an article about the legend and present-day celebrations of the episode which recently appeared in a French magazine of wide circulation.

The writer of this article, obviously no respecter of Anglo-Saxon lore and no admirer of the British brand of morality, comes right out and says that Victorian prudery is making a joke of the celebration of the famous ride which the people of Coventry stage every year or so.

"Nowadays," writes this outspoken critic, "the woman who plays the part of Her Ladyship has to be dressed in flesh-colored tights that cover her from her feet to her neck. This is a sop to Victorian prudery and must rob the pageant of most of its historical significance.

"If, as the legend has it, Lady Godiva accepted her hard-hearted husband's challenge to ride through the streets of the town unclothed to prove the great sacrifice she was willing to make in order to persuade him to cut the cruel burden of taxes, why should she demand that no one look at her?"

The French writer goes on to say that this part of the old story doesn't make sense, for it would have been no sacrifice at all for Lady Godiva to ride through streets between buildings with all doors closed, every window shuttered and the populace promising not to peep, with the exception of that ill-fated Peeping Tom, who did venture a glance only to have his eyes fall from his head.

"What," he bluntly demands, "is the good of playing such a part with no spectators to make the lady really suffer—if, in fact, she did suffer—for her friends and admirers, the common people?"

The article—which was translated and reprinted in several British publications—goes on to say that, for a century at least, the pageants commemorating the most talked about horseback ride in history have been dull affairs with the young women playing the part of Lady Godiva lacking in charm and wearing too many clothes. Because of the objections of certain high churchmen, the critic points out, there were several versions of the ride in which the principal performer was covered from head to foot with billowing medieval costumes which didn't even reveal a well-turned ankle. He intimates that, if the French had such an occasion to remember, they would avoid silly prudery and do the job right.

And that's the point that the citizens of Coventry and other Englishmen incensed by such fault-finding make the most of in their retort. In crisp words with plenty of sting in them they come back at this writer across the Channel and remind him that the British attitude toward the public display of the "form divine" is considerably different from the French, always was and always will be. They swing hard at the critic by telling him the difference between prudery and modesty, a virtue which, they infer, is not predominant in the French make-up.

"The important thing," said one member of the Coventry Council, "is the pageantry, not the nudity of the figure about which the celebration centers. We are preserving a dramatic chapter in English history, not running a nudist colony, or trying to compete with the French theatres and night clubs."

The pageant, for which thousands of people come to Coventry every time it's held, re-enacts one of the best-known bits of British lore—and there is ample evidence that Lady Godiva, wife of the Saxon Earl Leofric, who ruled that part of the island some ten centuries ago, actually did ride a charger through the streets "clothed with chastity."

It seems that Leofric was a hard-boiled overlord whose heavy taxes kept his subjects in poverty. Godiva was as kind-hearted as she was beautiful and she begged her husband to be more reasonable. He told his wife that she wouldn't raise one of her jewel-covered fingers to, personally, help these people for whom she professed such pity. She retorted that, if necessary, she would ride through the streets of the town naked to prove her sincerity.

Leofric dared her to do this—and, so the legend goes, she accepted his challenge. A warning was sent out to the populace to lock themselves in their homes and shops during the ride and all of them obeyed the warning but one vile fellow who has gone down in history and story as Peeping Tom. He bored a little hole through a shutter, but the instant he looked upon the woman who was going to such lengths to do something for him and his fellow citizens, he was struck blind.

It Looks Like Torture, But It's Healthful

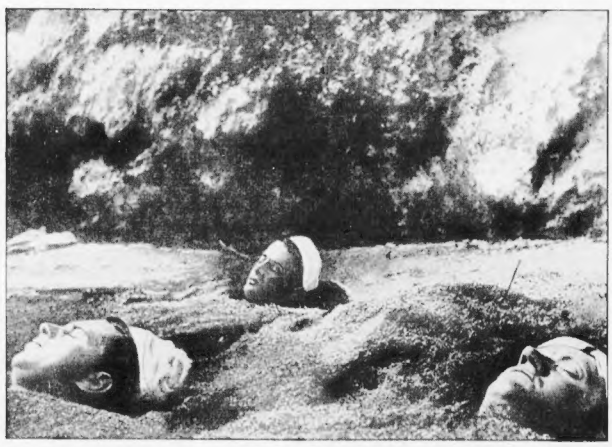
THE men seen in the photograph below are not the victims of some ruthless tribe, buried alive and awaiting slow death in the burning sand. They are patrons of a famous health spa on the island of Ischia, off the Neapolitan coast, and they are paying good money to endure this "torture."

Every year hundreds of people suffering from such ailments as rheumatism, gout and sciatica visit Ischia where attendants dig holes for them in the volcanic earth and imprison them up to their chins. The steaming soil, not hot enough to sear the flesh, is said to have the power to draw like a mustard plaster and supply just the sort of heat that is good for the diseases mentioned.

Strangely enough there is a legend that goes with the island. Centuries ago the place was hit by earthquake after earthquake and thousands of inhabitants were killed, maimed and robbed of their homes. In those days the reason behind these earth tremors was not understood and the natives believed that a monster by the name of Typhoeus was pinned down beneath the island. From time to time the giant protested against such uncomfortable indignity and he moved his great arms and legs in an effort to be free. Then, the Ischians thought, the land buckled and heaved and they had plenty of trouble on their hands.

Since then the volcanic fires beneath Ischia have died down and they smoulder but never break out. The natives of the island and visitors to the spot know that they are living on the surface of a huge cauldron but it has been so long since there was an earthquake that they no longer fear an outbreak. Now, instead of being an instrument of devastation and tragedy, the subterranean fires are helping people to get rid of pain and disease.

The only remaining signs of volcanic activity on the island are a series of hot springs and acres and acres of the strange medicinal sands which, at some seasons of the year, are dotted with the heads of customers wearing only little white caps to keep off the rays of the sun.



Three Health-seekers Trying the Chinese Torture Cure at Ischia by Lying Buried in the Hot Volcanic Sand. The Practice Is Said to Banish Rheumatism, Gout and Sciatica.

Easy Now to Rise Above the Crowd

THE coming coronation of King Edward VIII is said to be the inspiration for the portable metal stilts shown in the photograph below. During the ceremonies there will be many processions and the populace will want to see the pomp and pageantry. Perhaps 10 per cent of the onlookers will have "front row" places on the sidewalks and in the upper windows of the buildings along the route of march. The rest will have to crane their necks to see much of anything of their bachelor King and the show marking his rise to the British throne unless they make use of some such device as the folding stilts.

Collapsed, the stilts make a small bundle that can be easily carried in the hand, and they are fitted with straps to keep the feet in place. With the added height they supply, a person of average size has the seeing range of a man six and a half feet tall.

It is rumored that several hundred sets of the stilts were sold the first day they made their appearance in a London department store. Most of the buyers are race-track fans.

By Using a Pair of Folding Metal Stilts, Anybody Can Now Rise Above the Crowd to See a Parade, a Horse Race or a Football Game. The Devices Fold Into a Small Bundle.

England Fed Up on "Unknown Woman"

IN recent years three out of every four divorces in England have been granted because the man in the case was "guilty of misconduct with an unknown woman." From now on this mysterious woman will figure much less prominently in divorce cases, for judges have decided that the "unknown woman" is becoming a racket and the way to marital split-ups that never should be condoned by the courts.

At least a hundred of England's leading judges have made it clear that the woman in the case must be named and identified, and lawyers, seeing which way the wind is blowing, are advising their clients to have nothing to do with vague damsels who never appear in court in the flesh or have their names go into the court records.

The new ruling is raising hob with the business of professional correspondents who have been collecting anywhere from $100 to $500 for their services in divorce suits. Hundreds of them are finding it necessary to go in for more strenuous and less profitable work in order to make a living.

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Geisha Girls Strike for Less Money, Longer Hours—And Win

Unusual Expedients to Survive by Japan's Historic but Unfortunate Entertainers, Pushed to the Wall by Jazz, Movies and the Craze for More Modern Amusements

Miss Manrio, Descendant of the Famous Geisha Manrio of Ancient Times, Who Is One of the Few to Retain Her Popularity Although Making No Concession to Changing Tastes.

Modern Geisha Girl Recruits Rehearsing Hula-Hula, Rhumba and Other Jazz Steps.

On Right, a Typical, Old-Fashioned Geisha Girl, and Beside Her the New-Fashioned Type That Is Supplanting Her.

TOKIO, Dec. 10.

"We are striking for longer hours and less pay. It is to advantage of honorable customer's pocketbook to go away and help us win."

Believe it or not, such was the statement of the pretty geisha girls who recently picketed the higher class restaurants of this city's Shibuya district, until they won their strike.

In this queerest of all labor troubles, the girls were neither crazy nor joking and results indicate that they were right. The reason behind this freak strike is that the geisha, one of Japan's oldest and most famous institutions, finds herself rapidly being driven out of business by such modern competition as jazz, taxi dancers and cabarets. Soon, the way things were going, there would be no jobs for them at all.

There are all sorts of geishas, many of them as different as a ship's carpenter and a stage carpenter. Some geishas specialize in getting hostile-minded politicians to agree, while others, strange as it may seem, are gifted at bringing a conference of suspicious business men and their bickering lawyers into such harmony that they can agree on the terms of a contract. It is even said that some geishas possess the almost miraculous ability to make a husband, who has deserted a wife for no longer likes, fall in love with her all over again.

The restaurant type that went on strike is a sort of combination head waiter, night club hostess, cabaret entertainer, hat-check girl, girl friend, patient listener and adviser, all rolled into one.

From the moment the customer enters the restaurant until he leaves, she gives him the exclusive benefit of her attentions, which are useful as well as ornamental. First, she leads him to the best table available, at the same time relieving him of his coat and hat. Then she goes into a long sympathetic consultation with him about what he is going to eat. She may devote half to three-quarters of an hour discussing just how each dish is to be prepared, more time than a busy waiter can spare. When all is settled she finds a waiter and with him, in the presence of the cook, gives the order.

While the dishes are being prepared and between courses the geisha sings softly to her guest, accompanying herself on the queer, one-string guitar known as a geishaki. Besides this she listens to his hard luck stories, gives him advice, often good because it is from the feminine point of view, which is usually so different that it sees something the man has overlooked. She seasons his food for him, lights his cigarettes and, in the case of American or European guests, brings a bowl of water and washes his hands for him. When he is ready to leave she brings his hat and coat and bids him some sort of pretty farewell at the door.

Before the strike, customers were paying four yen or a little more than a dollar for two hours of such services. This was added to the check and more than half went to the girl herself.

During the last few years the restaurants of the Shibuya district had suffered steadily-dwindling business, which the proprietors blamed to the depression. The geishas, having a better chance to sound the minds of their vanishing customers, found that they were going to the new quick-lunch wagons, supposed to be smart and up-to-date and certainly cheaper than the restaurants with geisha service. After their quick lunch dinner they would go to a taxi dancing hall and, according to their figuring, have more for their money.

The girls discussed the situation and then laid before their employers a scheme to reduce their charges 25 per cent. to three yen, per two-hour job, but to offset the loss by working 25 per cent longer. The business men operating the restaurants did not believe that the reduction was enough to increase business appreciably, whereas girls and restaurants would be out of pocket just that much, so they refused.

The geishas went on strike, which did not bother the proprietors at first because there were plenty of hungry strike-breakers only too eager to take their places. But it was a different matter when the pretty pickets appeared, bowing low to guests as they approached the restaurant entrance and addressing to them the following statement:

"We are on strike for longer hours and less pay. It is to advantage of honorable guest's pocketbook not to eat in there until honorable but mistaken employer permits us to charge only three yen for our negligible services."

Needless to say, the public was 100 per cent in sympathy with such a strike and after a few weeks the restaurants had to surrender. But, instead of its being the last straw to complete their ruin, the reduced rate and longer hours have brought so much new business that both girls and restaurants are much better off than before. It looks as if, at least on one front, the geisha had turned the tide against her modern rivals and perhaps it may happen all along the line. There are signs that the Japanese public is beginning to be fed up on quick lunch and taxi dancers.

The geisha that Americans and Europeans hear about is somewhat like the night club hostess, except that they undergo a long training for this career and are accomplished singers, dancers and fair conversationalists. They are sometimes wrongly confused with the girls who are equivalent to "white slaves" of America. These are actual prisoners of the men to whom their fathers have leased or sold them, and must not leave the "Yoshiwara," or restricted district, without the slave owner's written permission.

In the Yoshiwaras, the girls are placed on exhibition, in steel cages, like animals. Men passing by, stop, look the caged creatures over, and if one pleases a customer he steps in and has her fished out of the cage for his entertainment.

The geishas are entirely different, and in the past there was almost no limit to the heights to which they might aspire.

The Japanese, like the Chinese, is famous for politeness, but this proves a stumbling block in business and politics. Two Americans or Europeans can meet as strangers and five minutes later get right down to business. To the Oriental such a sudden plunge is impossible. His excessive politeness makes him evade discussing any of the points about which there might be disagreement, with the result that days may be spent consuming endless cigarettes and gallons of tea without getting any nearer closing a deal than exchanging compliments about each other's business firms.

The Japanese customer and seller are still willing to spend three weeks, all day, every day, before they get around to mentioning the price of the house one wants to buy from the other. The speeded-up Japanese finds he can do business fairly promptly with the aid of a geisha girl.

She breaks the ice and, in a couple of hours, can convert two politely evasive strangers into a pair of laughing, joking pals, as ready to argue frankly about prices and commissions as if they were old friends.

Perhaps the deal is so big that there must be a conference of presidents and other executives of two corporations with their lawyers and secretaries. From the Western point of view nobody could be more out of place at such a serious meeting as a geisha with her song and little guitar, but the Japanese welcomes her because she serves a useful purpose.

Her job is somewhat like that of the court jester of old. Pretty, charming, clever, quick-witted, intuitive and neutral, she frequently intervenes when arguments get too hot, with a shaft of wit that cools the air with a general laugh. When the two sides get at loggerheads and everything seems about to be called off, she stops the conversation by doing a dance and after that she sings to them, plunking on her one-string geishaki.

To the Western business man this seems like a total loss of time, but the Japanese knows better. That song is a ballad about one of the nation's heroes, selected from among hundreds she has learned, because it tells how some ancient daimio, or noble, won a great triumph by conceding something. The presidents consider themselves business daimios, each concedes something and the deal is saved.

Until recently geishas used to perform similar services in getting politicians to agree, but at present they have been retired in favor of the Western method of banquets and after-dinner speeches, with somewhat disappointing results. It is commonly believed that the recent army mutiny would not have happened if a few diplomatic geisha girls had been sent to straighten out the misunderstanding.

England and America have been shocked to learn that sometimes a geisha marries into Japan's most exalted society and becomes a great lady. But these are the higher type of geisha, who come from good families.

Also they know all the incredible complicated etiquette of visiting and receiving visits and formal table manners, some of which are startling to Western people. For instance, when a guest has finished his meal, it is bad manners if he forgets to belch loudly, thus indicating to his host that he could not resist eating too much of such delicious food. The host, however, must not belch because that would be flattering his own food.

In times past, every famous geisha girl was the favorite of an outstanding statesman, politician or business leader. Many of the men married such girls. Notable among the leaders who married favorite geisha girls are Prince Hirobumi Ito, the Prime Minister who was responsible for instituting the Constitutional form of government in Japan; Marshal Prince Aritomo Yamagata, the Prime Minister who is called the father of the modern Japanese army; and Prince K. Inouye, one of the outstanding statesmen of his day.

Among the leaders of present-day Japan, the only one of prime calibre who has a famous geisha girl as his favorite, is Prince Kimmochi Saionji, the only surviving elder statesman, and closest adviser to the Emperor. Prince Saionji has never married. If he did so, it would undoubtedly have been with his favorite geisha girl who accompanied him to the Versailles Peace Conference as "secretary," and who is a nationally known person in Nippon.

The most famous geisha girls today, such as Katsutaro and Ichimaru, won their fame not as geisha girls but as radio and phonograph artists and not because they are the favorites of the nation's leading statesmen or political bosses.

The moving pictures are as bad rivals of the geisha as are the taxi dancers for two reasons. The men prefer to hurry through their meals to spend the evening in the theatre rather than dawdle at the table for two hours with a geisha. In the theatre they get interested in Hollywood girls wearing American clothes with American styles of hair dress and doing Western dances.

To meet this competition many of the geishas now play saxophones as well as geishakis, wear Western clothes, speak English, dance the rhumba, hula-hula and fox trot as well as the stately dances of old Japan. It is a grotesque compromise but Japan is in a grotesque transition era and the young seem to like it.

Miss Manrio, descendent of an ancient geisha of the same name and one of the most famous of all time, sternly refuses to concede anything to modern ideas and manages to retain her popularity, but there are not many others. These conservatives especially abhor the "kiss," which is a newly-coined Japanese word for kiss, something unheard-of in the nation until it was seen in the movies. For a while the censors cut all the kisses out of the films, but finally they yielded and now though some of the older people boo the long close-up kiss, there is general smacking all over the islands.

The government, already restricting the taxi dance halls, is threatening to abolish them entirely. Unlike the geisha girl, who must remain in her keeper's care and whose freedom is greatly restricted, most taxi dancers live in their own apartments and lead a free and easy life. They make from 150 to 200 yen (the equivalent in purchasing power to $150 and $200 in the United States) per month, which is about three times what a woman office worker earns. This type of girl, the police hold, does not fit into Japanese society. So they have placed a number of restrictions on the dancers as well as the dance halls.

The latest of these forbids dancers from leaving a dance hall with a male companion; compels doors leading into a dance hall to be fitted with locks which can be operated from the outside; prohibits dancing after 11 p. m., and forbids high school and university students from going to dance halls.

Geisha Girls Playing Old Airs, a Part of the Decorous, Traditional Entertainment They Were Supposed to Provide and Which No Longer Pleases Up-to-Date Japan.

But Although the Geisha Is Going, the Shameful "Yoshiwara," Where Girls for Hire Are Exhibited Like Animals, Is Still a Popular Feature of the Japanese Cities.

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Poisoned The Whole Family To Save Dowry

ALTHOUGH Spain is a land of love and romance as well as revolution, the inhabitants of the provinces of Catalonia are practical about their marriages. The custom of the "dot" or dowry is as old as the towering Pyrenean mountains and each Catalonian bride brings either money or some material goods to her husband on her wedding day. To do so means good luck for the newlyweds. But to fail to produce the promised dowry as did the young and beautiful Dolores Cuit is to invite tragedy.

Just a year ago, Constantine Castello, a dark and handsome young Catalonian considered himself the most fortunate man in the mountain village of Granja de Escarpe. Dolores had promised to be his bride and with her hand went a dowry of one thousand pesetas, about $135. But on her wedding day Dolores brought only promises, not the dowry. Constantine madly in love believed those promises.

He died violently a short while later, still believing her. Then his mother, his sister, his brother-in-law and their infant son died swiftly of poisoning. And Dolores, his twenty-one-year-old widow who recently was arrested, accused of all five deaths, turned upon her own mother, Maria Vallos and accused her of the crimes all because of the fatal dowry.

The first to die was Teresa Mariner, Dolores' mother-in-law. The village doctor said it was intestinal trouble and so she was buried from the church, the whole village following the coffin to the grave, as is the custom among simple mountain folk.

Shortly after the funeral Constantine himself fell violently ill of symptoms similar to those which the doctor had noticed in his mother. The puzzled physician shook his head gravely and said it was very strange. Perhaps there was something the matter with the food or water in the house. He had no laboratory facilities so that he could not make a thorough examination but he ordered Constantine and Dolores to be more careful in their diet. Constantine never had the opportunity. He died quickly and was buried.

When the first days of mourning were over, Constantine's married sister, Maria Castello came to Dolores and asked her for the dowry of one thousand pesetas which now be-

The Villagers Decided to Take Matters Into Their Own Hands. While the Men Were at Work, a Mob of Women Besieged the House, Crying, "Burn Her!"

longed to her according to the laws of family heritage. It was then that the villagers of Granja de Escarpe discovered that Dolores had not paid the dowry.

Maria Castello was not satisfied with promises. She pointed out that had luck had already followed the violation of the ancient custom of the dot and more bad luck might follow. Besides that, Maria needed the money which she was now justly entitled to. "What are you going to do about it?" she demanded of the young widow.

Dolores smiled sadly. A thousand pesetas was a large sum of money, she told Maria. Still she and her mother would see what could be done about paying it.

A few days later, Maria, her husband and their baby of nine months were taken violently ill of symptoms similar to those which had carried off her brother and their mother. Again death struck swiftly.

This time the simple villagers did not accept the theory of death from natural causes. They remembered that Maria had told some of the neighbors that Dolores had not paid the dot.

The doctor asked the authorities to make an investigation. Autopsies were performed upon the three latest victims and when they were completed the laboratory experts pronounced their verdict.

"Death by arsenic poisoning!" they declared.

The bodies of Constantine and his mother were then exhumed and examined. It was discovered that they too had been killed by arsenic poisoning. Dolores was instantly suspected and arrested.

When the villagers heard that she had been accused of the five murders and had been taken away to prison to await trial, they became grimly silent. They refused to discuss the affair with outsiders and to all questions they tersely answered: "Justice speaks now."

While she was in prison, Dolores accused her own mother of participation in the crime. "My mother knows very well what caused the death of Constantine," she said.

The villagers heard this accusation and lost their grim calmness. They would take the law into their own hands they declared as feeling ran high. While the men were out in the field, a mob of women formed and besieged the house where Dolores' mother lived.

"Burn her! Burn her to death" they screamed in rage and frenzy and their screams brought the men running from the fields to join them. The local authorities were powerless to stop them and word was hastily sent to the provincial capital for armed forces. When the Civil Guard arrived to take Dolores' mother away to the prison in Lerida, they found that the mob of villagers had already piled brushwood in the little public square and were preparing to burn the mother alive.

In prison Dolores and her mother both broke down. The former confessed that the deaths were planned to avoid payment of the dowry.

"Let justice fall equally upon the heads of myself and my mother," said Dolores. "If I ever leave my prison, I will devote my life to my two-months-old baby, who is the only comfort I have in this life. I will live as a hermit."

But the villagers of Granja de Escarpe are not moved by Dolores' plea. They say she must be executed.

Fantastic Ideas Of Doctors In The Middle Ages

THE weird "cures" which today are still practiced in some of those countries where ignorance, superstition and witchcraft prevail, such as in certain voodoo rites of Haiti, African witchcraft and even in the "hexes" of Pennsylvania were used by the most enlightened physicians of the Middle Ages.

With the translation of the writings of Johannes de Mirfeld, a 14th Century English scholar and commentator this is revealed by Sir Percival H. S. Hartley and Harold Richard Aldridge in a book "Johannes de Mirfeld. His Life and Works," recently published by the Cambridge University Press. There also appears for the first time some of the fantastic notions which 14th Century doctors had regarding the human body and its behavior.

"This is a little treatise on the signs by means of which death can be foretold. It is compiled from the works of learned Doctors of Medicine and is inserted in the Specilum or Florarium written by John Mirfeld within the monastery of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, in London, by whom also was composed that other work which is known as the Florarium Bartholomei."

Johannes de Mirfeld, also known as John Mirfeld, wrote this between 1380 and 1395 because: "It has frequently happened that I have experienced the fraudulent practices of modern physicians, either when I myself needed their services or when my friends were ill ...wherefore it seemed to me that it was both necessary as well as useful that I should write down within one brevary the various remedies applicable to each disease."

One Way of Diagnosing a Disease Was to Force the Patient to Stare at a Lighted Candle. If Tears Flowed and One Eye Seemed Smaller, Death Was Believed Imminent.

One may well wonder what such fraudulent practices could be in comparison to the weird practices which de Mirfeld sets down as reputable. "When you visit your patient," he counseled the physicians of the period, "you must bear in mind, such as paying due regards to his countenance, and opening the mouth and looking at his tongue; moreover, his eyes and nails must be inspected."

"Of those signs of evil portent which appear in the features of the patient, there are some which show themselves later than the outset of the disease, such as on the fourth day or thereafter. They are as follows: The patient cannot bear to gaze upon a lighted candle and he sheds involuntary tears, whilst the eyes appear to squint and one seems smaller than the other...These symptoms, I say, all signify death in most cases...These and similar tokens portend not merely an approaching death, but death within the doors. With such cases, therefore, do not meddle."

Judging from the many signs by which the approaching death of a patient could be foretold, according to de Mirfeld, as well as the frequency of his advice to physicians to retire, it would seem that the function of the doctor of the 14th Century was more that of a soothsayer or fortune teller than a physician. He wrote:

"When the physician visits his patient, he should carry in his hand a twig of vervain and inquire of the patient, 'How does this feel to you?' If he should answer, 'It is pleasant to me,' then he will recover; but if, on the contrary, he shall say, 'It is fretful,' then he will not escape."

It apparently did not occur to De Mirfeld that the patient might know in advance the correct answer to give and therefore convince the physician that he was going to live, or that in the following two diagnoses, the dog's appetite might have something to do with the matter.

"If the hand of the patient be rubbed with yeast, and then this be offered to a dog, if the dog eats it, then the patient will be restored to health; if not, he will die. Again, carefully anoint all over the sole of the patient's right foot with lard, and then throw the lard to a dog. If the dog eats it without vomiting then the patient will live, but if the dog returns it or makes no attempt to eat it, then the patient will die."

Even if the patient happened to get a bit of grit in the eye, the symptom causing tears this was a great sign in the opinion of the attending physician, for if the right eye of a sick man shed tears this was the worst possible sign and was mortal. In the case of a woman, this applied to the left eye.

The way a person slept also had its evil omens which were observed by doctors. If a person had eaten too heartily before retiring and tossed about, if he had done a hard day's work and slept heavily on his back or if, as is the habit of some people, he chanced to sleep on his stomach, grave consequences might be predicted.

"If the patient lies prostrate on his back, it is the worst possible sign and indicates a vitality at its lowest ebb. Likewise it is a bad sign to find the patient lying face downward, for this indicates either excessive pain or delirium. And if he should lie with arms and feet rigid, this is an evil omen because it points to the presence of spasm. And if, after a sleep or at other times, he suddenly turns himself about in a disorderly fashion, clanging for example from the head to the foot of the bed, this shows delirium and bodily weakness, and if he lies stretched out with his mouth open and his feet twisted, this is grave, for it indicates spasm," De Mirfeld wrote.

Signs of death could also be foretold by the patient's fingernails, according to the 14th Century doctors who had a grotesque theory as to how the fingernails and toenails were formed. It appeared that "since the nails are generated from the vapors coming forth from the heart, the vigor or decline of the latter organ may be ascertained most readily by an examination of the former of these members, for if the heat in the heart be insufficient, then the nails grow black, pale or livid; so that by their change or contraction they present and show forth the withdrawal of the heat and the departure of life. Wherefore it is said that a black or greenish color in the nails, accompanied by other grave symptoms and occurring before the signs of maturation (suppuration) is an evil thing and denotes death."

Much of the theory about the patient's diet was built on the fantastic ideas which the 14th Century physicians had about the stomach and digestion. They thought that a human being had an upper and a lower stomach, with the upper part hot. As food was swallowed, they thought that it remained in layers instead of mixing:

The physicians of the 14th Century recommended exercise of various kinds, according to De Mirfeld, who records some apparatus which appears to be the forerunner of some of the equipment which is to be found in modern gymnasiums. The clergy, for example, had their own particular type of exercise concerning which De Mirfeld comments:

"Let such a man, therefore have a stout rope, knotted at the end, hanging up in his chamber; and then, grasping the rope with both hands, let him raise himself up and remain in that position for a long time without touching the ground; then, holding the rope and running with it as far as possible, let him jump up into the air, turning himself round and round and strutting fiercely about.

"Or, if this pastime does not please him, let him hold in his hands a stone, weighing 30 pounds in which a ring has been fixed and carry it about frequently from one part of his dwelling to another."

Having cautioned patients against retaining quacks and pseudo doctors who seem to have been much in evidence at the time, De Mirfeld also makes some references to the reputable physicians with particular emphasis upon the consultation procedure when several doctors were called in to diagnose a patient's illness.

"Modern physicians," he wrote, "appear to possess three special qualifications—namely, to be able to lie in a subtle manner, to show an outward honesty and to kill with audacity.

"The common fault of physicians is, that when three or four of them come to visit a sick man, they never agree either in defining the cause of the disease or in the suggested line of treatment. In truth, they trouble themselves in no wise about the patient, except it be to collect and pile up fees from him."

Flood of French Wine To U.S. As The Tariff Falls

FRENCH wine dealers are jumping up and down for joy in their vineyards nowadays for the first time since prohibition was repealed. A new trade agreement was recently signed which gives them a chance to send wines and liqueurs into the United States at a fairly good profit. This will just about save many of the French grape growers from starving to death for the stiff American duties on their products have been threatening to ruin one of France's biggest industries.

To some extent the trouble has been caused by American vintners, or grape growers, who have helped themselves to old French names for their wines. American wine merchants call their wines "Sauterne," "Moselle," "Chablis," "Sparkling Burgundy" and "Chateau Yquem." These names in France represent sections in which grapes are harvested. It would be as though a French winery called its wines "New York" or "California." The unfortunate part about it, from the French point-of-view, is that the average American consumer cannot taste the difference between the foreign and the home-grown brands—but the imported cost about twice as much as the domestic.

French wine dealers are upset because many of them have spent hundreds of years and large amounts of money perfecting their brands. But now the tariff bars have been let down and a flood of French wines will come in.

The tariff barrier has effected most of the great agricultural sections of France. In the Gironde, a section noted for its fine wines of delicate flavor, a crop of grapes valued at $150,000 and mortgaged for $75,000 was sold a few weeks ago for $8,900.

In the Sauterne district, famed for white wine usually drunk at meal time with the fish course, an acre of land used to sell for about $1,200. Recently the quoted price was $400. The reason for this land devaluation is a sharp drop in the value of the product itself. A hogshead of wine from the Blayais section, renowned for its grapes of rich, luscious quality, sells today for $3, a price so low that it does not even pay to transport the barrels.

One large firm of champagne dealers who have been in the business for hundreds of years have 25 million bottles of vintage, or very old, champagne stored in caves, some sixty miles from the city of Paris. Although some of the liquor is very valuable the company as yet has found no purchasers.

When the new trade agreement went into effect the French dealers began to unload most of their stock on the American markets but a few of them have little hope that they will profit much by the treaty. They predict that American dealers will undersell them every time with a cheaper wine.

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Why Soap Cleans No Longer A Secret

ALTHOUGH soap is one of man's earliest inventions and is referred to several times in the Bible as well as in the writings of early Arabian alchemists and Greek ancients, until very recently nobody knew just why soap cleans "clean" while any other substance or just plain water does not.

The answer to this question which has long baffled science was recently given by two young doctors of chemistry, W. M. Urbain and L. B. Jensen, before a meeting of the American Chemical Society in Chicago. After three years of experimenting the two scientists have discovered that the reason why soap cleans is because it electrifies the dirt particles.

"When you wash your hands with soap and water, the electrifying property of soap sends a 'charge' through each particle with which it comes in contact," they reported.

"As each dirt particle becomes charged or electrified, it immediately starts pushing away from the others, and in a short time all of them are broken up and scattered or dispersed throughout the sudsy solution. Immerse your hands in a water rinse, and the dirt particles wash away!"

Soap, itself is a combination of a fatty material and alkali (lye) which when used with water has cleansing properties. In ancient times it was made crudely by treating goat fat with beech ashes, the latter furnishing the necessary alkali. Later the wood ashes were replaced by soda ashes from sea plants and sea weeds. The use of olive oil in soap manufacture is a modern addition.

Pieces of crude soap, together with the remains of a soap factory showing that the ancients knew how to clean themselves "clean" have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

In Europe, up to the Fourteenth Century, the Spaniards and Italians were the chief soap makers. Later, at Marseilles, France, there rose a large soap industry. In about 1622, James I of England granted a monopoly to a soap maker, under which he was allowed to make 3,000 tons a year. He paid $100,000 for the privilege then and had the people so accustomed to using soap that by 1853 the yearly revenue brought to the British treasury through soap taxation was more than $5,000,000.

Early French soap makers, in compounding their ma-

Jensen Noted That When Bacteria Were Placed in a Solution of Liquid Soap, the Value of the Electric Charge Which They Carried Was Increased.

terials, frequently tasted the mixture, like the cook does her cake batter, to find out whether there was enough or too much lye in it. One French scientist, LeBlanc, came upon an important discovery which has had a tremendous effect on the modern soap industry.

After almost a lifetime of research in compounding cleansing materials, LeBlanc discovered a process for making soda—the principal raw material of soap—from common salt. He was unfortunate enough to make his discovery during the French Revolution and the Revolutionists, who seemed to take a particular delight in persecuting their scientists, stole the patent which he procured on his secret process and the manufacture of soda became open to all.

Poor LeBlanc could not stand up under this treatment. After years of abject poverty and fruitless efforts to right the wrong that had been done to him, he committed suicide.

The pioneer American housewife considered soap-making as much a part of her household duties as weaving or spinning and she had her own formulas for making "hard" soap for household uses and "toilet" soap for cleaning the family. To make the soap with which she washed herself was as important a ceremony as putting up the preserves or Spring cleaning. The formula was as follows:

"For six gallons of rain water, add three pounds of hard soap (cut fine) one pound saleoda, four tablespoonfuls of hartshorn (ammonia) and boil until perfectly dissolved. Pour into vessels and when cold it is ready to use."

Today soaps are made from a variety of oils, such as palm, cottonseed, soya bean, as well as from various animal fats and tallows. The finest soaps on the market today, however, are said to be made principally from tallow and olive oil. One reason for this, according to scientists Urbain and Jensen is because tallow soaps have a greater effect on the electric charge.

As in many other great discoveries of science, Urbain and Jensen were seeking something else when they found out about the electrifying properties of soap. Jensen had for some time been working on an experiment to find the electric charge carried by bacteria.

He had discovered that bacteria of the kind that produce diphtheria were more dangerous when they carried a certain quantity of electricity. When these same bacteria were found to be of "low-voltage" they also were incapable of spreading the disease. From a physical point of view, because bacteria are not much different from small particles of dirt and dust Urbain and Jensen then decided to conduct the same sort of experiment on dirt particles and the action of soap on them.

Jensen had noticed for some time, he said, that when he put bacteria in a solution of liquid soap the value of the electric charge which they carried went up. When he put bacteria in plain water the electric charge value was considerably less.

The two continued their experiments and made the discovery which has been a puzzle for thousands of years. When finally they announced to their interested fellow scientists at the American Chemical Society meeting that soap cleans by electrifying the dirt particles, they also made a reassuring statement.

"We wish to make it clear," they said, "that one cannot receive a 'shock' while washing with soap."

Why Women Fall in Love With Criminals

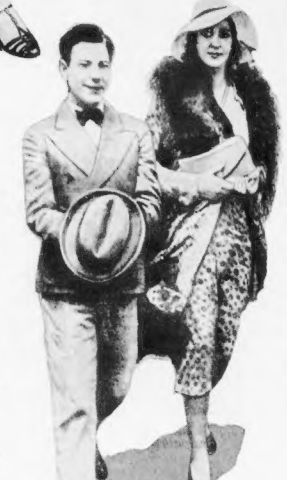
Professor Laird Explains the Strange Fascination That Causes Certain Feminine Types to Fawn Upon Notorious Lawbreakers, Crowd the Court-rooms Where Murderers Are on Trial, Send Them Flowers and "Mash" Notes, and Offer to Marry Them

Muriel Crandall, a Boston Stage Dancer, Who Married Warren Cliff, Knowing He Had Slit His First Wife's Throat. But She Got a Divorce When She Saw Him Whetting a Carving Knife and Chanting, "It won't be long now—she'll go the way the other one did."

Court-room Spectators Trying to Catch a Glimpse of "Bobby" Edwards, a Young Pennsylvania Mining Surveyor, Who Was Recently Put to Death for Murdering His Former Sweetheart, Freda McKechnie. Note That Most of Them Are Women.

Lalla Collins, the English Actress, Who Sold Her Jewels to Hire Lawyers for Mark Godfrey, a Swindler, Worked to Get His Sentence Shortened, Patiently Waited Five Years for His Release, and Then Married Him.

The Revolting Face of Landru, the French "Bluebeard." Newspaper Reports of His Atrocious Murders Made Many Women "Lose Their Heads" Over Him and Send Him Proposals of Marriage—But He Finally Lost His Own Head Under the Guillotine.



The Paris Police Let Francois Roche, a Notorious Bandit, Leave His Cell to Marry Mlle. Annik LeMoat, a Show Girl—But They Made Him Wear Handcuffs, Which He Is Hiding Under His Hat.

Aileen Sisk, Who Fell in Love With a Condemned Murderer, Marvin Hones, and Persuaded Him to Start Divorce Proceedings, in the Hope of Marrying Him Before His "Last Mile."

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D., Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

A NOBLE characteristic which makes womankind widely admired is the way the average woman will stick to her man through thick and thin, no matter how worthless he may be or how cruelly he may have treated her.

Lalla Collins, beautiful blonde actress widely known in England, is a good example of this feminine attribute. Vivacious as only a twenty-five-year-old actress can be, she was deeply in love with a prosperous appearing broker, Mark Godfrey. She did not know that his money came from selling worthless stocks and mulcting people of their savings.

When the long hand of the law finally caught up with her sweetheart she sold her jewels to hire attorneys to defend him. Through his trial she was in constant attendance, and when he was sentenced in Old Bailey to serve seven years in prison she was heartbroken—but she promised to wait for him.

Attractive as she was, there must have been many other men to whom she could have turned while Godfrey was in servitude, but she remained steadfastly loyal to him and constantly worked to have his sentence shortened. Finally she secured the King's clemency, and her sweetheart was released from prison early this Summer after serving only five years.

Two days after he became a free man, Mark Godfrey and blonde Lalla Collins were married in the Marylebone Register Office, and are now living in an apartment she furnished in Cumberland-court.

This incident of the actress marrying the released convict typifies the loyalty of a woman to a man to whom she has already pledged herself. That constancy is one of the charms of womankind.

But these women who deliberately seek out criminals, even murderers, and throw themselves at the feet of the rascal—that is another story. When a notorious criminal is thrown into jail awaiting trial for crimes which have attracted wide public attention, the jailers are always pestered by women who write "mash" notes to the scoundrel and some silly women who come to the jail and insist upon marrying the culprit whom they have never seen, or even known about until his villainy was spread before them in the newspapers.

For example, Muriel Crandall, an attractive Boston stage dancer, read that Warren Cliff had slit the throat of his first wife in a fit of jealous rage and had been convicted of manslaughter. Muriel knew all about it and yet she overlooked those trifles and married Cliff when the amiable parole board unlocked the prison door for him.

Then, one day Muriel, who was now Mrs. Warren Cliff, saw her husband take the kitchen carving knife and hone it on the whetstone, crooning tunelessly to the rhythm of his knife strokes:

"It won't be long now, it won't be long now—she'll go the way the other one did. It won't be long now."

Muriel was brought to her senses, saw a vivid vision of the first wife with her slashed throat, waked up from her blind love dream, ran to the divorce court, and perhaps saved herself from the same sort of fate that befell Warren Cliff's first wife.

A strange fascination for law-breakers also draws many women into welfare work. These women do not necessarily fall head over heels in love with the criminals, but the society woman who turns to become an habitual uplifter in some prison is found by psychologists to get some heart-throbs out of her apparently kind-hearted mission. These well-meaning women see that their favorite convicts have comforts and attention far better than the rascals had before being locked up, but the woman usually keeps herself under control and does not offer to marry the convict—perhaps more of them would if they were not already married.

A few years ago a Boston society girl, Mary Converse, took it into her nineteen-year-old head that she could help the world by seeing that convicts got good treatment. Her wealthy father, Colonel Harry Converse, of Malden and Cape Cod, tried to convince his enthusiastic daughter that she could do more good for the world by helping the disabled soldiers, but Mary, with all her fashionable finishing school background, was magnetically drawn to help the law-breaking classes.

Being young and unmarried, finally the inevitable happened and she fell head over heels in love with a handsome young fellow, Charles Eastek, who had served time, until reformers had pardoned, for a murder committed while robbing a man in Colorado. His father had also died under suspicious circumstances, with both a bullet and a knife wound, but they could not show that Charles was responsible for that, too.

But pretty Mary tossed her head at her parents' objections, and having both money and a will of her own, eloped with the former convict whom she supported for four years until she obtained her divorce. The handsome murderer did not make as fascinating a husband as she had thought he would—he had knocked her down, choked her, dragged her across the ground by the hair of her head, and otherwise made life just as her parents and friends had predicted.

The magnetism which disreputable characters have for certain types of women is well shown by the life of the famous Frenchman, Talleyrand, back in the eighteenth century. Not only did he poison three girls to keep them from being in his way after he was through with them, but during a period of five years six jealous husbands, on his account, had committed suicide, eighteen other men had died by duels fought over women Talleyrand had made his mistresses, ten married women who had been magnetized by him retired in shame into convents, and a dozen unmarried women had poisoned themselves in desperation when he threw them over.

History may have exaggerated these amorous accomplishments somewhat, but the fact remains that knowing Talleyrand was completely unscrupulous and actually dangerous, women were drawn to him just as Mary Converse was drawn to the convicts whose lot she was apparently trying to better.

Some women are drawn to criminals because the woman feels that it is her last chance to get a man, that the criminal will marry anyone. The world has thousands of women who are worried that the last chance has gone. Mail order lovers know this, and make a good living mulcting women who have never seen them or their savings. Samuel Frank was recently tried for fraud in California because of mulcting women who were willing to marry him on sight and unseen, and who had sold property to give him money. Some 1,300 women had wooed him through the mails. The only defense Frank made was that during the World War he had been kicked by a mule. The court turned him over to alienists to have his sanity investigated, but we wonder why they did not investigate the mental balance of the 1,300 women who volunteered both property and heart to win their mail order Lothario.

Sixteen per cent of unmarried women feel acutely that they must get a husband, according to surveys of grown-up women made by Professor Harry W. Hepner of Syracuse University. The thousands in this pitiable classification contain a large proportion who not only fall for the lure of a mail order lover but who will stoop to the recklessness of throwing themselves at the feet of some criminal in a desperate effort to attract the favorable attention of a man.

But this cannot be said of Mlle. Annik LeMoat, one of the most beautiful dancers of the Parisian stage. She had more admiration than most women receive, and doubtless any number of law-abiding citizens would have gladly become her husband, but she preferred Francois Roche, a notorious thief, convicted of twenty robberies. Always gallant, the French authorities let Roche out of his cell long enough to go with her to a nearby courthouse for the ceremony—his handcuffed wrists hidden under his hat.

Stranger still is the case of Aileen Sisk, of Atlanta, Georgia. A girl with the advantages of a good home atmosphere and Sunday School training, Aileen went one day to visit her brother, who was in jail on a charge of taking part in a hold-up that had resulted in murder. The brother introduced her to his senior partner, Marvin Hones, who had planned the crime and done the killing. But Aileen did not abuse this hardened criminal for leading her brother astray. Instead, she fell in love with him and persuaded him to start divorce proceedings against his wife, in the hope of marrying him before he went to the electric chair.

For a while it looked as if this plan would succeed. Hones's temporary decree was granted, but before this was made final, giving him the right to remarry, the authorities discovered his intention. So the final decree was denied, and Hones walked his "last mile" not long ago, without having a chance to make Aileen a bride—and widow.

Some of those women who have the good looks and personality to marry a decent sort of man, but who still are fascinated by criminals are impelled to this strange conduct by a hidden craving to shock their parents and indulge what is forbidden. They really care less about possibly reforming the crook than they do about causing their parents some suffering.

Other women are irresistibly drawn to proven rogues for the equally childish reason that they imagine a cruel man makes the most manly husband. Dim recollections of punishments by their father, or fights between their parents, make them develop the childish idea that a good husband has to be a man with a daring streak of cruelty predominant in his nature. The court-room testimonial of the criminal's tortures of his victims makes this sort of woman swoon, not in a faint of fright, but in an ecstasy of bubbling love.

That was the kind of woman who was magnetized by Landru, the revolting French "Bluebeard" who lured women by cruel practices and terminated each romance by burying the woman in his garden. While Landru was in prison waiting trial he received many offers of marriage from women who had never heard of him until the stories of his atrocious behavior were printed in the newspapers. These foolish women did not want to be killed, but the idea of such a manly lover overpowered their reason.

Still other women are drawn to the criminal, to throw kisses and flowers to him in the court-room, because of a sympathetic feeling of guilt on the part of the woman herself. Commenting on similar instances, Dr. Wilhelm Steckel, the famous Viennese psychoanalyst, says "These individuals are impelled to act thus by the desire to suffer punishment." He continues, "All these cases show us strongly sexed women who lack either courage or opportunity and chose as a transposition of the effects from the sexual to the criminal realm." That kind of woman who will actually fawn over a murderer does so because she feels at heart that she, too, is a wicked person and may save her own soul by trying to help, possibly reform, the man who committed some abominable crime himself.

"This general feeling of guilt is well ingrained in some natures by the time they get into high school," I report in my book, More Zest for Life. "Parents who say 'Shame!' for vague doings we cannot understand help the rapid development of that guilty feeling. Some ministers and Sunday-school teachers also assist this unfortunate development of the idea that we must be guilty of something."

More women than men have this lingering feeling of guilt, which helps us understand why men do not make such a fuss for the attentions of some notorious female criminal. Dr. Lewis M. Terman, at Stanford University, has just completed a study of the personality differences between men and women. Professor Terman and his co-workers discovered that women have more pity for a man who is cowardly and cannot help it, for a dope fiend, and for a person with no will power. Women, they also found, are more likely to become angry when an innocent man is punished (and the criminal always maintains he is innocent!).

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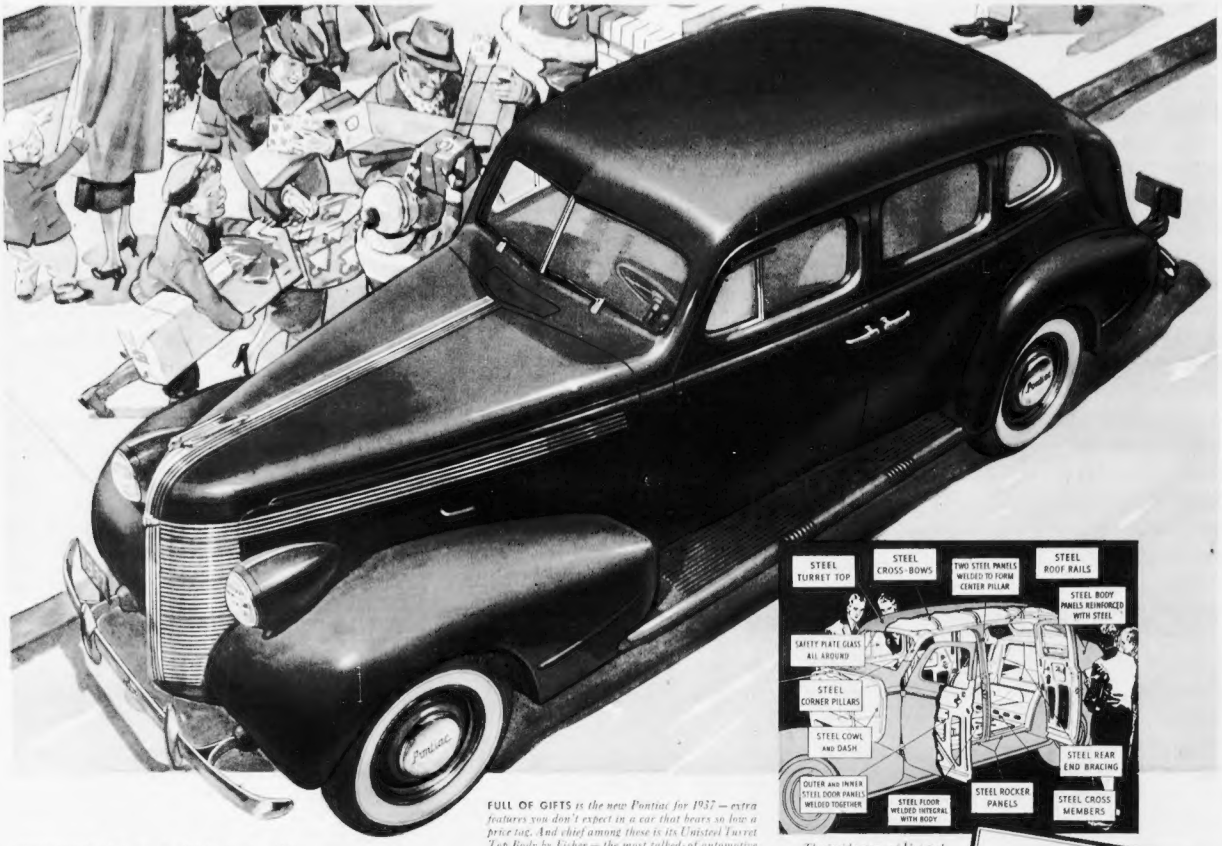
SHOP, LOOK, *AND* LISTEN

COMPARE THE FEATURES...STUDY THE STYLE...EVEN HEAR THE DIFFERENCE WHEN YOU THUD HOME THE DOORS OF THIS GLORIFIED STEEL BODY...



The inside story of Unisteel construction

FULL OF GIFTS *is the new Pontiac for 1937—extra features you don't expect in a car that bears so low a price tag. And chief among these is its Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher—the most talked-of automotive development of the year.*

THIS is the year of big body differences . . . when even by slamming car doors you can learn a great deal about the car you're considering.

You can tell by your ears as well as your eyes, whether it has the conventional type steel body or that welcome new glorification of it—the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher!

Just listen for that unmistakably substantial sound—the sound of steel meeting steel through an airtight rubber cushion. It's a definite cue to the new security and luxury that this advanced steel body assures you.

For in this remarkable body structure, there are no loose-jointed parts. It is precisely what its name implies—Unisteel—solid steel unit—with seamless steel Turret Top, steel sides, and even its steel floor *all fused into one rattle-free, weave-proof, shock-proof haven of comfort.*

Now you can understand why the new Unisteel Body by Fisher is the *completely safe* steel body. When you open its wider, more substantial doors, you will see why it is also the *completely luxurious* one.

Its seats are noticeably wider. The leg room is definitely increased. The door openings obviously larger. All its steel panels are insulated against heat, cold and noise.

So before you buy any car this year, shop around and learn how far ahead this new kind of steel construction has advanced the modern automobile. But don't expect to find the new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher everywhere. It is available *only* on General Motors cars.

ONLY BODY BY FISHER HAS ALL THESE SAFETY AND COMFORT FEATURES:

1. Improved visibility, front and rear
2. Streamline style — roominess for greater comfort
3. Saftiseal floor—protects against exhaust fumes
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5. Giant luggage compartments "Bowed" integral with body
6. Wider seats and larger door openings
7. Turret Top for extra safety and durability
8. New two-way adjustable front seat
9. Fisher interior styling — upholstery and fittings
10. Unisteel construction throughout — with all the steel panels insulated against heat, cold and noise

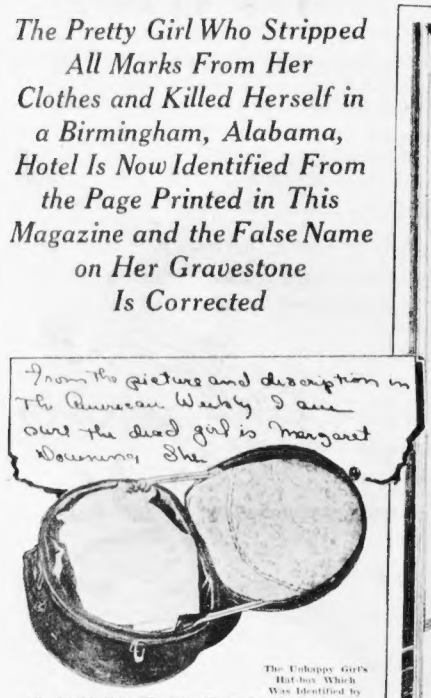
THE UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODY BY *Fisher*

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK* • LA SALLE • CADILLAC*

*On the most popular models

"The American Weekly" Solves ANOTHER Death Mystery

The Pretty Girl Who Stripped All Marks From Her Clothes and Killed Herself in a Birmingham, Alabama, Hotel Is Now Identified From the Page Printed in This Magazine and the False Name on Her Gravestone Is Corrected



The Unhappy Girl's Hat-box Which Was Identified by the Suicide's Sister, Who Said: "I gave her that hat-box."

Photograph Taken at the Funeral of "Jacqueline Swan," But the Head-stone Which Marks the Grave Has Now Been Changed to "Margaret Downing."

The Mystery of Room No. 304

An Attractive Young Woman Registers at a Birmingham, Ala., Hotel, Changes Into Sports Clothes, Destroys All Means of Identification and Swallows Poison—And a Sympathetic Undertaker Provides a Casket, a Cemetery Gives Her a Grave, a Shop Sends a Dress to Be Buried In and Florists Offer Bushels of Flowers

Photograph of the Attractive Young Woman as She Lay on the Couch in the Undertakers Parlor.

The Hat Bag Carefully Packed Before She Swallowed the Fatal Dose of Poison.

One of the White Tennis Shoes Found in the Room.

Photograph of a Pair of White, Red-Trimmed Slacks and the Thin Wool Sweater—the Last Clothes the Mysterious Suicide Wore.

The Unhappy Woman's Pocketbook, Hair Brush, Rattlesnake and Compact, Note Pad and Money.

Two weeks ago The American Weekly told how the strange murder mystery of a young man found dying in a Kansas City hotel had been solved by the boy's mother, who saw a page printed in this magazine, identified her son's picture and startled baffled police on the trail of the murderers. And now today, The American Weekly is able to tell its readers how another strange death mystery has been cleared up by another page published in The American Weekly.

With its circulation of about 8,000,000 copies a week, by far the largest circulation of any magazine in the world, The American Weekly probably reaches some 20,000,000 people in all parts of the world, and it was two of these readers who have solved for the police the strange "Mystery of Room No. 304"—the tragedy of an attractive blond girl who registered under an assumed name at a Birmingham, Ala., hotel, went up to Room No. 304, changed from street clothes into slacks and a sweater, destroyed all means of identification in her possession and ended her life by drinking poison.

In Silver Springs, Fla., an American Weekly reader saw the page in this magazine, a facsimile of which is printed here today, describing the dead girl with a photograph taken after her death. She was certain she knew "Mrs. Jacqueline Swan," as the pretty suicide victim had signed her name on the hotel register. A few days later Chief of Detectives D. C. Ullen, of Birmingham, received a letter from Silver Springs, beginning: "The American Weekly's article and declaring that the writer was certain she had worked with the dead girl in a hotel at Daytona Beach, Fla., and that she had been a hostess there known as "Jackie."

Meanwhile, in Birmingham, where the tragedy occurred, Miss Zalla Littleton, a nurse, also saw the American Weekly pictures and declared she was certain the dead girl had been her roommate when both were student nurses at Sylacauga, Ala. The dead girl's name, Miss Littleton said, was Margaret Downing, and she had a sister in Sylacauga.

The sister, Mrs. Samuel Chelmer, wife of a merchant in the little town, went to Birmingham. She made the identification positive when she recognized a hat-box, the only luggage found in the dead girl's room, as one she had given her sister several years before.

Mrs. Chelmer said Margaret, who was an orphan, had left Sylacauga and gone to Winterhaven, where she had written that she had a job in a hotel. Then her letters stopped, and Mrs. Chelmer had feared nothing from her until Birmingham police asked her to identify the dead girl's belongings. Yesterday Mrs. Chelmer has declared that Margaret's body shall remain at Oak Hill Cemetery, Birmingham, where several thousand people attended the funeral of the girl whose strange walk brought her many friends than she had ever known in life.

Under the name of "Mrs. Jacqueline Swan," she had registered in the hotel, wrote a note of postcards gone to a comic magazine and bought a small bottle of poison, and two magazines, and retired to her room. She was so unusually attractive that hotel employes remembered her well and the bellboy and elevator operator who took her to Room 304 said she appeared well-bred.

But at six o'clock the next morning the telephone switchboard jingled and the girl in Room 304, in a voice hardly understandable, asked, "Please get a doctor up here." The startled night-clerk telephoned for a physician, summoned some one to relieve him and rushed up to the room. He found the girl, clad in slacks and a sweater, writhing in pain and gasping for breath. She was only semi-conscious and she died in a hospital a short time later.

Searching her room, detectives unpacked the hat-box which later was to clinch the girl's identity. They found in it a red suede jacket, seven pairs of women's socks (many worn), sport shirts, four pairs of one shirt and blouse outfit, a red knitted evening dress, one pajama, bathing dress, a pair of white canvas shoes and a pair of white canvas sandals, two striped sports dressses, four pairs of socks, a red suede belt and three felt hats. She possessed no pajamas, no hose and no nightdresses. Several pieces of undergarments were found also in the bag as well as a black pocketbook containing a faded tulip, the usual make-up articles, a blank notebook and a pair of garters.

A complete description of these things was written in The American Weekly's article.

The girl, her golden blond hair curling softly about her face, was a "sleeping beauty," as she lay on a soft, silken lined lounge in the funeral parlor. The Birmingham newspapers carried the story of her death and of her beauty, and 20,000 people, some of whom came from miles around, filed past the lounge in an effort to identify her.

Two peonies and a cheap wedding ring were all she possessed besides her clothes, but she was given a funeral that cost hundreds of dollars. Employes of a Birmingham department store gave her a blue evening gown in which she was buried. It was a far more expensive dress than any of the clothing found in her room. A mystery donated by herself, and if, in signing herself "Mrs. Jacqueline Swan" she did not choose for her name in death, a name she had wanted to bear in life.

She had already had two blows from fate, the letter from Silver Springs revealed. It said:

"She had the misfortune of having practically everything she possessed stolen, and of losing her job at the same time. All she had left was the slacks and a few bits of nondescript clothing. I remember the red suede jacket, the brown and green printed batiste dress, and a dyed red evening gown, mentioned in The American Weekly. I also remember the white gabardine slacks and the sweater she wore when she killed herself."

Detectives don't yet know why Margaret Downing, pretty, young and with apparently every reason to live killed herself, but they believe that, after being robbed, and losing her position, she had broken her heart over a shattered romance. Unhappy penniless, and away from those who could have helped her, perhaps she felt that poison was the easiest way out. But that is something that perhaps will never be known. It is a secret that probably rests with the wedding ring that encircled her slender finger when she was buried.

At the last moment she must have changed her mind about death, because she called for aid. "Please get a doctor up here," she had begged, but her repentance and her longing to live came too late. The poison she had swallowed had already done its work.

Of the thousands who passed before her grave, several dozen people tentatively identified her as their long-lost daughter, wife or sister. One fifteen-year-old boy went into hysterics at the funeral, certain that the beautiful blond girl was the sister he had not seen for years. Another woman said the girl's dress was identically like one owned by her sister in Milwaukee.

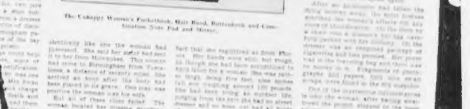
In the original story The American Weekly said:

"Detectives believe the only possible way that 'Mrs. Jacqueline Swan' will ever be truly identified will be through the publication of her photograph and pictures of some of her belongings in connection with this article in The American Weekly with its enormous circulation."

That prediction has come true. In the same article, The American Weekly said:

"Far removed from Potter's Field, the body of Birmingham's 'unknown beauty' lies at rest in peaceful Elmwood Cemetery, there to remain as 'Mrs. Jacqueline Swan,' until someone gives her a name—or until eternity."

And now the inscription on the dead girl's gravestone has been changed from the name she assumed in death to the name she had in life—Margaret Downing. But her body will rest in Elmwood Cemetery—until eternity.



Facsimile of "The American Weekly" Page That Solved the Pathetic Mystery of Room No. 304.

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Have plenty of good light at Christmas Time but DON'T PAY 30% TOO MUCH FOR IT

Light symbolizes the gay spirit of Christmas. Lamps for seeing and decoration glow with warm hospitality. Christmas trees gladden hearts with color and sparkle. Outdoors, decorative lighting sings of the Yuletide spirit.

Enjoy light to the utmost at Christmas time . . . *but don't pay more for it than you should.* Independent laboratory tests show that inferior bulbs waste as much as 30 per cent of the electricity they use. Such lamps burn out and blacken too soon, robbing your eyes of needed light . . . and penalizing your pocketbook. Like cheaply made Christmas tree bulbs that blink out in a hurry, they are poor bargains at any price.

Buy lamp bulbs wisely instead of carelessly. Reputable dealers everywhere sell MAZDA lamps made by General Electric. Go to one tomorrow and let him fill your lighting needs for holidays . . . and every day . . . with lamps that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER! General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

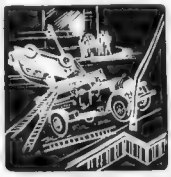
T Q A 1936

Odd Twists of Fate By Which a Lion Speared a Hunter to Death, a Spark from a Cat's Fur Blew Up a Gas Chamber, a Careless Cigarette Broke a Lineman's Back, a Photographer Was Bitten by a Dead Shark, and a Basketball Set Fire to a Spectator's Ear

In Ontario Can. While an Inspector Was Putting a Stray Cat Into a Gas Chamber a Spark From the Animals Fur Exploded the Gas, Wrecking the Chamber and Painfully Injuring the Man. But the Cat Was Never Found

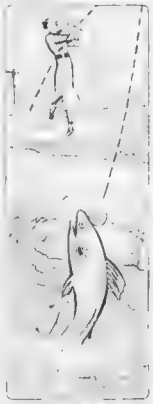
In Alcoda City a Boarder Tossed a Lighted Cigarette Into a Sink Where There Was Gasoline

The Gasoline Exploded and Set Fire to the Hose



Responding to the Fire the Fire Engine Swerved to Avoid an Auto Both Hit Light Poles Vehicles Were Wrecked and Riders Injured

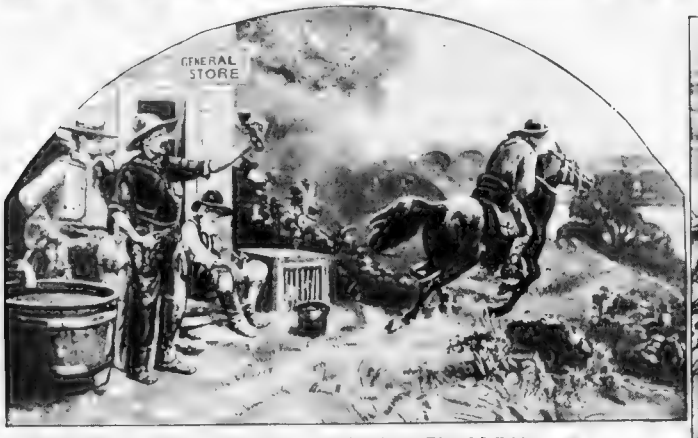
A Lineman Coming Later to Repair Wires on the Post Suffered a Broken Back



A North Carolina Trout Got Its Bite, Well Within the Ball Fell Into a Basket Near the Course and Netted a Big Trout

In Springfield Mo. a Boy Stuck His Tongue Against a Railroad Track to See if It Would Freeze Fast. It Did and He Narrowly Escaped Being Run Over

B "ARIZONA BILL," D P C



Pony Express Rider Leaving a Relay Station. From Painting by Edward J. Holslag.

Custer's Last Fight—Disastrous Battle of the Famous Seventh Cavalr
From the Well Known Painting Copyrighted by Adolphu

T

Sitting Bull, the Great Chief of the Sioux.

Indians Did Not Like the Railroads and the White Man's "Iron H
Bill and Other Old Scouts Were Hired by the Railroads

CHAPTER III.
By ARIZONA BILL (Raymond H. Gardner)
Continued from Last Sunday)

E

I

not just be shot as a spy. I knew I would be killed by inches, tortured to death the way I had seen it done often enough when I was a little boy among

would be a spy and walk right into Sitting Bull a camp and come back with the plans and numbers of the Indians. Of course, if I was caught, I would

powerful chief. If he did not like

not just be shot as a spy. I knew I would be killed by inches, tortured to death the way I had seen it done often enough when I was a little boy among

Now

I

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W W

Adventures of the Last of the Famous Frontiersmen, Who Was Cowboy, Indian Fighter, Scout, Pony Express Rider, Deputy Marshal, Arizona Ranger, and Knew All the Notorious Two-Gun Badmen and the Quick-Shooting, Fearless Sheriffs of the Wide-Open Mining Towns

r When He and All His Command Were Killed by Sitting Bull's Indians, and Presented to the Seventh Regiment, U. S. Cavalry.

Detachment of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry Charging Into Chief Black Kettle's Village at Daylight. Old Print From the T. H. Healy Collection.

ks Continually Attacked the Construction Crews and Arizona d the Section Gangs. From Contemporary Sketch

General George Armstrong Custer, Known to the Indians as "Long Hair"

The Old Apache Chief Geronimo

but he forbade anyone to scalp his foe.

Most of the Indians except the women were not interested in scalping. After their great victory the Sioux ran off in such panic that they even abandoned the funeral pyres of their dead. Those Indians from there on down to the Little Big Horn had a sort of cold fear of Custer's spirit and the scene where he met his end became "bad medicine" for them.

Other Indians "bad medicine" for old Sitting Bull, who was captured some years later and who I have seen often, warwhoops tried to rouse the Indians to fight the soldiers. With him died the last real hope of getting the better of the white man. The red man knew that fighting the paleface soldiers would not work. And that left most of us Indian scouts out of a job. But small bands kept up their depredations for some time. I picked up a few odd jobs, and for a time, hiring Indians for the Union Pacific Railroad, the men who were going to help build the road, about what the railroad would put up a fight to keep the Indians away, and killed a few. But I knew of some cases which were quite the opposite, and no near miss.

One day one of the railroad men went out to fish and was under the banks of a little stream an arrow zipped by his ear and stuck in a tree nearby. He hadn't seen or heard anything and before he could get up and reach for his gun, his arms were grabbed and tied behind his back and he found himself in the middle of a bunch of yelling redskins who were jumping around him. They hitched him to a cayuse and drove off with him to an Indian camp.

Those Indians were a bad lot and most always tortured and killed any paleface they got their hands on. They tied the fisherman to a stake and the braves, squaws and papooses danced and yelled around him for hours. First they drove little wooden needles into the man's flesh and then set fire to them. As he screamed and writhed they danced and shouted.

Next they piled some wooden shavings around his feet and set fire to them. But they seemed to have forgotten that heat makes a man perspire and that moisture makes a deerskin rope soft and stretchy. So while the man was twisting about he found he could free his hands and suddenly seizing an old squaw who stood near him with a papoose he pulled her into the flames. The old woman's clothes caught fire and the redskins ran to help her. This was just the chance the white man was looking for, and while they were busy trying to pull the old woman and baby out of the flames he jumped away and ran down the hill like a scared coyote. He said he ran for a day and a half before he dared stop.

From little happenings like that, the reader can see why the railroads hired guards to keep the redskins from shooting and scalping the tracklayers. But during the time I had a job as guard I didn't have a chance to figure in anything that amounted to much.

One day I dropped in on the Pony Express agent at old Fort Bridger, Wyoming, and told him I'd like a job as one of their riders.

"Which the same shows what kind of a durn fool you are," remarked an army officer. "Your scalp will go to the Indians and the rest of you will feed coyotes."

When I still wanted the job in spite of that advice, the agent said he reckoned I might do for it. After telling him who I was he was sure of it. Next morning he swore me in, let me pick three cayuses (Indian ponies), handed me the mail pouch and sent me on my way. He had words were not very cheering.

"Wish you didn't have such cussed red hair. There's a bunch of bad warwhoops at Echo Canon, (Utah), that has a fancy for red scalps. They got three of our riders already."

All that morning I rode a lonesome trail without hearing or seeing anything hostile, and then I came in sight of my first relay station, where I was to change mounts and pick up some more mail. Right away I didn't like the looks of it. The front door was open and swinging, which was bad for its leather hinges, and there weren't any horses in the corral.

But I had to ride my three horses up to that clump of bushes where I could run back to them handy if I had to. Then from cover I hailed the shack, but there was no answer and nobody looked out the door.

Cautiously I rode my pack up to that door and before leaving my horses and mail I peered in. The place was a mess. Blood, stale blood, and the filthy buzzing of many flies, which meant death, hours old.

I stuck my head in the door and yanked it out again quicker than a toad's tongue. That was to draw anybody's fire that might be laying for me. It didn't happen, and I wasn't really expecting it because if anybody had been able to, my hair would have made him look out to see who was coming. Stepping in, I found the keeper of the relay station lying on the floor in a pool of blood, shot dead and scalped. Over in the corner lay a white girl. She was bound hand and foot and gagged with pieces of her own clothes, but her frightened eyes showed that she was alive.

It took hardly a minute to set her loose, but at first she could not speak. The thongs were so tight that the circulation had stopped in her limbs, turning them blue. I chafed them and gave her a drink of whisky. Her first words were:

"Who are you?"

I told her, and she was some surprised that I

(Continued on Page 18)

She Gull — by Mazo de La Roche

A Story of a Man and a Girl and a Strange Death in the Storm. Complete on This Page.

He Threw Up His Arms to Ward Her Off, but He Stepped Close to the Brink of the Precipice.

T

"A man was lying out there on the cliff's edge, and he saw her coming. She ran straight to the cliff and hurled herself over the edge.

"Me too"

says Old Santa

• With so many chimneys needing going into, Old Santa has his ups and downs. *The pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola makes the job easier.

• • •

P.S. It's the refreshing thing to do because ice-cold Coca-Cola is pure refreshment – *pure as sunlight.*

5¢

Drink Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

There's no place like home *for the pause that refreshes.* With ice-cold Coca-Cola ready and waiting in your refrigerator you have *pure refreshment* always on hand. It's easy to buy a few bottles at a time. But the best way is to order a case (24 bottles) from your dealer.

C H M G

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

S

CHAPTER X

N

And then Saul Peter, when Uncle was leaving, their embracing Father, as Time the photographer plays

Blotchy Skin SOOTHED and HELPED

Resinol Ointment quickly relieves soreness and irritation and aids healing of surface pimples or ordinary skin outbreaks. Try it and be helped.

Sample Free Write Resinol Dept X 197 Baltimore Md

Resinol

FREE WHITE NAIL PENCIL

WITH BIG BOTTLE NAIL POLISH ONLY 10c FOR BOTH!

Women know how hard it is to find a nail polish that stays on well. Wonderful news! Here's one that stays on. The new LADY LILLIAN Creme Polish. Rich, Rose, Red or Clear. Just Nothing Like It. Send No Money. Get the Free Pencil Offer

3c Trial Offer

AT THE 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

Lady LILLIAN CREME NAIL POLISH

AM I NEVER GOING TO FEEL RESTED AGAIN..

SO RUN-DOWN THE LEAST EFFORT SEEMED TO WEAR HER OUT

I DREAD THE THOUGHT OF GOING SHOPPING TOMORROW BUT MAYBE A NEW DRESS WILL HELP PERK ME UP

YOU SURE DO NEED PEPPING UP HONEY WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO GET SO TIRED LATELY?

I'M TOO TIRED TO KNOW WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING I DON'T

I DON'T FEEL LIKE DANCING OR ANYTHING I'M NOT IN THE RIGHT MOOD TO ENJOY MY LOVE A LOT HOW MAD BUT I'M LATE AND I'M WITH SOMEONE AND I'M READY TO DROP-

MAG-I WISH I HAD YOUR ENERGY- YOU'RE ALWAYS READY FOR FUN ANYTHING-

I WAS JUST DRAGGED OUT WHEN I GOT UP THIS MORNING THAT WAS ALL BLOOD... UNDERFED ME EAT FLEISCHMANN'S TO FEEDS THE BLOOD

FEW WEEKS LATER

ISN'T IT A LOVE OF A HAT I GOT IT ALL IN HONOR, TOO - IT'S GOING TO THAT CONVENTION WITH YOU, I'VE GOT TO LOOK LIKE SOME - BODY

O.K. TOOTS - TROT OUT THE GLAD RAGS - SAY BUT IT'S SWELL TO HAVE A WIFE THAT WANTS TO GO PLACES AGAIN!

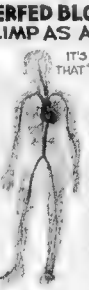
DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING LIMP AS A RAG

So many people tire quickly and feel low spirited at this time of year, I really this means your blood is "underfed" and does not carry enough food to your nerves and muscles.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast supplies your blood with vitamins and other essential food elements. Your blood then feeds and nourishes every muscle and nerve in your body.

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY

One of the important



VITAMINS A. B. G and D

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN addition TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER-----

WE MAKE THIS *New-Type Margarine*

. . SO WHOLESOME . . . SO NOURISHING !

HOW important it is to give your growing youngsters with a little bodies with excellent appetites! They must have milk, eggs, vegetables, fruits . . . And to help supply the energy they burn up so recklessly . . . a wholesome, nourishing spread for bread!

[illegible] doubt [illegible] Nucoa!

For Nucoa [illegible] advanced after [illegible] Nucoa [illegible] contains [illegible] Nucoa [illegible] prevents [illegible] Nucoa [illegible] the American Medical Association Council on Foods.

SUPPLIES THE ENERGY THEY NEED!

Every pound of Nucoa [illegible] Nucoa [illegible] for bread. Nucoa [illegible] Nucoa [illegible] bread's [illegible]

of food energy to meet the demands of work and play.

Why don't you try the new Nucoa? See how fresh and sweet it [illegible] always the case] by the next month or more! See how your family will love it on bread [illegible] Nucoa [illegible] How it can help [illegible] with [illegible]

Of course, Nucoa [illegible] the whole [illegible] margarine costs slightly more than ordinary margarines. Yet it saves you up to 14¢ a pound over the most commonly used spread for bread. Nucoa is a *quality* spread that helps cut down food bills. Try a pound tomorrow!

• • •

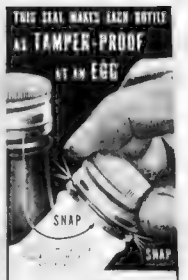
Nucoa [illegible] Nucoa [illegible] Nucoa [illegible] in the color [illegible]

The wholesome "thrift spread" for bread

CHURNED BY THE MAKERS OF BEST FOODS REAL MAYONNAISE

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

(Continued on Page 20)



WHEN YOU BUY

GOLDEN WEDDING

See Opposite Page

YOU'RE SURE OF GENUINENESS

Alseco

ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS

ALUMINUM SEAL CO., NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

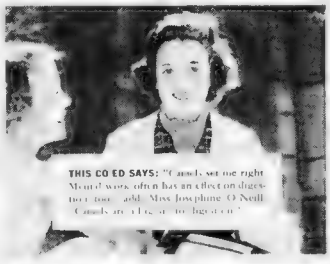
INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!

For Digestion's Sake ...Smoke Camels

Good digestion helps bring a sense of well-being and contentment

THE delightful effect of smoking Camels with your meals and afterwards has been proved again and again in the great laboratory of human experience. Explorers, champion athletes, people in hazardous outdoor work, as well as millions of men and women in homes and offices, find that Camels get digestion off to a good start and make the perfect ending to a meal. When you enjoy Camels, you are rewarded with an increased flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so important to good digestion. And you can enjoy Camels as often as you like. Camels don't get on your nerves.

Deep in the jungle fastness of Central America amid the ruins of a lost city...



THIS CO ED SAYS: "Camels set me right. Mental work often has an effect on digestion, too," add Miss Josephine O'Neill. "Camels are [illegible] to digestion."

FLIGHT DISPATCHER. I [illegible] dispatcher at the Newark Airport. "Camels help my digestion. I always [illegible] Besides, Camels don't get on my nerves."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand

HOLLYWOOD RADIO TREAT! [illegible] "HALF HOUR SENSATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT" [illegible] "swing" Band [illegible] Tuesday [illegible] WABC-Columbia Network

SCHENLEY PRESENTS

a Christmas Guide to gifts and guests!

OLD SCHENLEY RYE
Bottled in bond under U. S. Govt. supervision. This whiskey is four years old. Also available in pints and, where law permits, half pints. A perfect Christmas gift. 100 proof.

11 YEARS OF AGING
sets Schenley's Ancient Special Reserve apart in a distinctive class. A limited supply — each bottle is individually numbered. This whiskey is eleven years old. 100 proof.

From Schenley's Rich Storehouse of Fine Old Whiskies

Through the years Schenley has carefully laid away lavish stocks of well distilled whiskies to mellow in charred oak barrels. Today these master whiskies are being brought forth to delight the palates of folks who appreciate the better things of life.

SCHENLEY *is the name!*

LOOK FOR THIS WINDOW DISPLAY

Many retailers who specialize in fine whiskies will identify the high quality of their stock by displaying this Schenley Christmas greeting in their windows. Let it be your buy-guide.

GOLDEN WEDDING
is custom-blended to America's taste. It's all whiskey. Blended straight whiskies. 90 proof. In Bourbon or Rye—in round or flat quarts, pints and half-pints.

8 YEARS OLD
Schenley's Ancient Age brings a delightful soft magic to straight rye whiskey, yet it costs less than many not as old. Also in Bourbon. This whiskey is 8 years old. 100 proof.

DEWAR'S

The Medal Scotch of the World

For its outstanding goodness, Dewar's has been awarded more than 60 Gold and Prize Medals in many countries of the world. Imported from Scotland by Schenley Import Corporation. Blended Scotch whisky, 86.8 proof.

OLD SCHENLEY
BRAND
BLENDED WHISKEY

One taste of Old Schenley Brand will win you—lock, stock and barrel. Its goodness is locked in, by Schenley's unrefillable, free-pouring "Protect-All" bottle.

Old Schenley Quality Supreme: The straight whiskies in this product are **8** years or more old, 40% straight whiskies, 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 proof.

If you like a milder whiskey—**Old Schenley Extra Quality:** The straight whiskies in this product are **3** years and 4 months or more old. 30% straight whiskies, 70% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 10% straight whiskey **8** years old. 10% straight whiskey **5** years old. 10% straight whiskey **3** years and 4 months old. 90 proof.

Copr. 1936,
Schenley Distributors, Inc., N. Y.

★ ★ SAVE THIS PAGE FOR WISE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING ★ ★

Challenge to Happiness by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

Ritzy sprang to her feet. She threw the thin scarlet silk kimono tightly about her.

"I am not!" she said fiercely. "I swore I'd never fall in love again and I'm darn well not going to. Love isn't a joke, not if you've got your own living to earn. It robs you of your peace of mind, of your sleep, of your vanity even. One per cent happiness and 99 per cent misery. No, thank you, Sara, I'm not falling seriously for anyone and if it happen to like Parry, well—I'll like him but I won't more than like him. And when it's over and he's on the train I'll wave him a goodby with a laugh on my lips that is a genuine laugh, not the sort of laugh that hides a heart-break—that isn't my line!"

She spoke vehemently. If she hadn't spoken quite so vehemently Sara might have believed her. Ritzy was gazing down at her defiantly, almost daring Sara to contradict her. Sara had a feeling that she wanted to go on talking in this strain mainly to convince herself of the truth of what she was saying.

But Sara was thinking: Supposing this Parry really fell in love with her, it would make all the difference to Ritzy. She thinks she's hard and sophisticated but she isn't. She's as tender-hearted as a kitten underneath it all. But men don't see that, they only see the picture she presents to them. They have a good time with her and then go off to marry some blue-eyed mild-mannered gentle little girl who is as calculating as the devil and whose heart is probably as hard as granite. "Ritzy is a grand kid," they say afterwards, "but of course one can't marry a girl like her. She'd lead one the devil of a dance. Better to marry a quiet home-loving girl."

And the absurd part of it was that Sara knew Ritzy had the makings of a wonderful wife. She'd make a wonderful mother, too. But just because she didn't wear white and have Mother Type stamped all over her, no man knew it.

"Parry and I are just going to have some fun together while he's here," Ritzy was saying, "and, after all, what else is there in life but fun?" Her voice grated slightly. "Snatch the fun you can while the going's good is my motto."

"Yes," Sara said, "it's a good motto, too."

She thought: I'm glad I had fun with Michael while he was here, and it was nice cooling his supper for him, taking it up on a tray and sharing it with him before his fire, and then he'd read me what he'd done on his play that day. She thought, too, her small hands clenched tightly together—Yes, it was fun. And even if now—it isn't so much fun, it was worth it. Oh yes, it was worth it every time.

In the pause Ritzy came over and dropped on her knees beside the young girl and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Don't worry about, Michael, hidder," she said. "Believe me, he isn't worth it."

But at that Sara turned on her savagely.

"He is worth it!" she said in a small hot voice. "He's worth everything in the world. Only—oh, well," she smiled faintly, "it isn't his fault that he doesn't love me."

"I've a feeling that the time will come when that young man will be eating out of your hand," Ritzy said. "I don't say I'm psychic or anything like that, it's just a hunch I have."

Sara caught her hand eagerly. "Oh, Ritzy," she said, "do you really think so?"

Ritzy nodded slowly. "I more than think so," she said. "I'm quite sure that it will happen, and when it does, the ironical part is you may not want him!"

Sara laughed at that. "I'll always love Michael," she said. "Oh, Ritzy, if I could only believe——"

She was doing her best to make herself believe that Michael might find that he had really loved her always, when there was a knock on the door.

"Who the devil—" Ritzy began.

"It's probably Mrs. Miggins for the rent," Sara said.

She called: "Come in."

The door opened. A young man stood there smiling in on them pleasantly. A very tall, thin young man with keen intelligent features, deep blue eyes and fair waving hair.

"Hello, I hope I'm not intruding?" Peter Willard said. "The jolly old landlady told me to come straight up, so I came."

Sara had got to her feet. She was staring at him incredulously. Imagine his having the nerve to come up in her room after that scene in his apartment.

"May I come in?" he went on, as no one spoke. "Delighted. Do come in and make yourself at home, Mr. Willard." He mimicked a high-pitched feminine voice so well that Ritzy laughed outright.

"I've a feeling, Sara," Said Ritzy, "that some day Michael will be eating out of your hand."

"What did you come here for?" Sara demanded curtly.

"To see you." His blue eyes twinkled down at her. "Maybe to offer you the other cheek. Now which of my cheeks did you slap last night? Was it the left cheek or the right cheek?" Upon my soul, I can't remember."

"I can never forgive you for that paragraph," Sara said in the pause, through tightly-clenched teeth.

"Oh," Ritzy interrupted excitedly, "you're not Peter Willard, are you? The Peter Willard? Why, I always read your gossip column. It's the only thing that keeps me awake while I'm sitting waiting in the Club for the customers to roll in. Gee! This is great meeting you. I just adore your writing."

"That's nice of you," he said. He added with a wry grin: "It's a pity your friend doesn't agree with you. She doesn't seem to care for my writing. Hello!" he interrupted, "who is your toy-friend? Won't you introduce him to me?" Poggles had come up and was sniffing at him politely.

"That's Poggles, our dog," Sara said.

"Our?" he questioned.

She nodded. "Yes, Ritzy's and mine."

"Hello, Poggles, old chap." He bent down and patted him. "Will you make friends with me?"

Poggles seemed quite ready to make friends with him. In fact, nervousness, Sara considered. Poggles was jumping up on him now, showing a uncanny friendliness he rarely exhibited with complete strangers. Sara felt furious with him, almost as though he had gone over to the enemy, so to speak.

Ritzy said: "Well, I must go and sling on some clothes. Shall I take Poggles, Sara, or shall I leave him with you?"

"Please leave him with us," Peter said, and smiled. "He's a grand fellow. I've come to try and persuade Miss Alton to lunch with me and I know of a good restaurant where they provide special meals for dogs."

Ritzy laughed. "Love me, love my dog, eh? If you're ever near the Leopard Club drop in and see me, Mr. Willard. So long, both of you." And she disappeared through the door.

"Nice girl, your friend," Peter commented.

"She is nice," Sara said, and added: "How did you know where to find me?"

"Your friend, Mr. Fenton, told me."

She forgot her resentment against him sufficiently to ask eagerly:

"How is Michael today?"

He stared at her. "How is he?" he said. "Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?" she asked sharply.

"Why, it's marvelous," he said. "Like something in a play, only more so, if you get what I mean. Thank the stars I was in on it. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. But then I've been keeping my eye on Fenton's place all morning just in case something like that should happen, and, by golly, didn't it happen!" He threw back his fair head and laughed.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded. Her voice was sharp and tense.

"The final scene in the romance," he said. "Or, maybe," he said, "it isn't the final scene but the first one. But first or last, it was a magnificent scene. At ten-thirty this morning Drusilla arrived. Drusilla Manning, of course—looking, oh, so sweet and womanly and oh so beautiful, her arms full of flowers, tears on her long mascaraed lashes. There was a man with her named Grierson, and a few press photographers carefully left outside the house awaiting the crucial moment to burst in.

"Ye gods! It was well staged. I'll say that for them! It would have taken in anyone but a cynic like myself. The door opened, in she rushed, calling in that marvelous emotional voice of hers that has thrilled millions: 'Michael darling, Michael!' Grierson followed her. I followed too. Nobody stopped me, which was a bit of luck for me. She went straight into his bedroom and knelt by his bedside.

"'Oh, my darling, darling Michael,' she said. 'I've been distraught ever since I heard of your accident. My darling, you must know how distraught I've been. Fancy trying to keep it from me when I love you so much——'

"Oh, dear," Peter went on, "I almost wept. And then, when she was kneeling there embracing him, in came the photographers. She sprang up indignantly. 'How did you get in?' she demanded. 'Oh, how very dreadful, when I wanted this to be entirely between Michael and myself.'

"She certainly did it convincingly. I almost applauded out loud. I never thought much of Drusilla as an actress but I've changed my opinion now. One might almost have thought that she hadn't arranged the whole thing for the sake of publicity. And darned good publicity it's going to be, too. I thought I'd given her one in the eye when I wrote that paragraph, but she has turned it to her advantage magnificently. Every evening paper will carry the story with full-size photographs. You see, they're going to be married tomorrow. Actually married! Isn't it too beautiful?"

There was a pause.

"You said——that——Michael and Miss Manning are going to be married?" Sara said at last, her voice scarcely above a whisper. "And—and—she doesn't love him?"

Peter nodded.

"Oh!" Sara's face was deadwhite. "Oh! But he is sure to find out some day. And when he does——?"

Her eyes widened in helpless terror. Suddenly she knew that if this was really true, she must warn Michael before it was—too late!

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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The Proof of the Pudding

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"THE proof of the pudding lies in the eating thereof" . . . so runs the old saying. And what better season at which to follow this most pleasurable task of proving puddings than during the happy holidays which are now upon us? No other dish is more truly in keeping with traditional Christmas fare and cheer than a pudding. Old ballads, ancient folkways, all testify to the prominence of the pudding on the holiday board.

Properly blended, and rightly cooked or steamed, a pudding may be much lighter and less taxing on digestion than many other types of desserts. If it be steamed the period of 4 to 5 hours, which a full pail-size pudding demands, then the cooking of its starch, flour, sugar and other ingredients is so thorough and perfect that the resulting mixture is easily assimilated and digested.

Thus an Indian pudding made of cornmeal the old New England and pioneer favorite—or a steamed chocolate sponge, or similar flour and cake mixtures, could be prepared in no other way to become so well cooked and so evenly reacted on by heat.

Unlike either cake or pie, whose form is set almost exclusively in one design — round or square — the pudding has untold decorative possibilities, because every kind of mold, bowl or dish can be used as its container.

Visit the pudding-mold counter of a good house-furnishings store, and see how glamourous are the molds in which puddings are provided. Take the humblest materials, flour, sugar, milk, and a bit of flavor, toss them together, and pour into modern-style spiral mold, and presto—a sophisticated pudding emerges.

The true pudding mold, of course, consists of a tin shape and its most tightly-fitting cover, understeaded, as it were, so that during cooking or steaming no drop of water may enter into the batter and thus delay or mar its texture. The ring in the lid is put there so that a wide tape or strip of muslin may be run through it and the entire mold tied fast, again keeping contents waterproof.

For practical family use no one shape is more serviceable than the "melon mold" in the one-quart size. This, with its flat base and curving upper grooves, permits the mixture to be easily removed. Laid on a large platter, such a pudding is truly regal.

Small individual molds lessen time required for cooking; also they permit novel individualized garnishing. Other molds are made of heavy chinaware, with metal tops or tight-fitting lids. The mold should be suited to the type of pudding mixture.

Just a few words of repetition on the technique of steamed puddings:

Blend all materials most thoroughly so there are no lumps, and so that all spices, flavors and materials are evenly distributed.

Oil the mold well with neutral cooking oil.

Pour in the mixture to within the top ¼ of the mold — never more, as this space must be left for the sufficient rising.

Lay a waxed paper over the mold, over the batter, before adjusting lid tightly. The lid to mold.

Lay filled mold carefully and immediately in rapidly-boiling water to almost cover, and continue boiling or simmering steadily for required time.

All puddings give an opportunity for the creation of delicious sauces, as accompaniments. Many of these are chilled contrast, as in the use of cold hard sauce on a hot steaming fruit pudding. Others are hot too, as well as the pudding, and among these we have foamy sauce, wine, rum, grapejuice or cider sauce, custard sauce, etc.

Other important types of pudding are baked, rather than steamed. Some may be treated to a combination of first steaming, and then baking, as may also be done with fruit cake.

One group of puddings which are twin mixtures to a cake is the Baba, derived from French culinary tradition. This is a sort of a light or spongy cake, baked in a form or round spring mold, and then made into a pudding by the addition of a hot cider, rum or other spirits sauce. Baked cider pudding is as unusual as it is delicious. The addition of a hot rum or hot rum-butter sauce to any baked sponge cake makes an inexpensive pudding of a hot type—and very delicious.

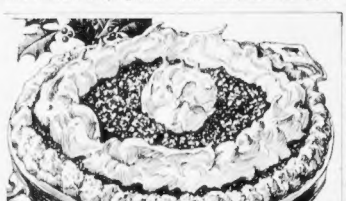
The familiar fruit betty—the baked combination of crumbs with sugared fruits—is capable of new twists from the cooking spoon. For example, cranberries make a delightful change as the basic fruit used in this oven pudding; the addition of orange juice and grated orange rind to the commonplace sliced and sugared apples, is an interesting suggestion.

Still another group of puddings which must by no means be overlooked is the baked dumpling, as the apple dumpling, or its less formal sister, the old-fashioned "pan-dowdy." Spiced sliced apples, sprinkled with sugar, laid out on a bed of flaky crust, then topped with another crust, the whole dripping with sweet juice and running liquid from one end of the shiny pan to the other—a delicious, tasty dish for the holiday table.

In warming or re-heating any pudding, it is best to again steam it over hot water, or lay in the upper unit of the double-boiler, to renew its original moisture. Most puddings of these types keep well—and will see the holiday season through.

The true holiday plum pudding is also today made of excellent materials and packed into can or mold, to be steamed and garnished and topped off by a bath of lighted brandy on Christmas Day in the morning.

Home-made or bought, there are puddings for every purse as well as every occasion.



The famous southern Special-Blend

For delicious holiday pies and cakes Jewel is ideal—this famous Special-Blend actually makes more tender baked foods and means faster than the costliest types of plain all-vegetable shortening

A FINER SHORTENING ...IN MONEY-SAVING CARTONS!

PASTRY: Blend ½ c. Jewel Special-Blend Shortening into 1½ c. flour sifted with 1 tsp. salt and ½ tsp. baking powder. Add ¼ to ½ c. cold water and mix to a stiff dough. Roll to ⅛ inch thickness on a floured board and line pie pan. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., until delicately browned—about 12 min. Flaky-crisp, extra tender, Jewel makes the finest pastry you ever saw. The reason: because in Jewel vegetable fat is given unusual shortening qualities through Swift's special blending of it with other blend-cooking fats. Jewel makes all baked foods more tender, creams faster, too.

FILLING: Mix together 1 c. raisins, 1 c. sugar, 1 c. bread crumbs, 1 tbsp. molasses, ½ c. lemon juice, ½ c. orange juice, 2 beaten egg yolks and 2 tbsps. butter. Cook in the top of the double boiler until thick. Pour into baked pie shell and top with meringue made by beating 2 egg whites until stiff, then adding 4 tbsps. sugar and beating again. Brown in a slow oven, 325° F.

By "Arizona Bill," Pioneer of the Old Wild West

(Continued from Page 18)

the troops about three miles away to send along a signal man. Pretty soon he came galloping up and this was the signal he read:

"We have the renegade surrounded in a thicket of timber and are awaiting reinforcements. Please advise at once."

"Signed WOOD."

Well, it turned out that young Lieutenant Wood and Lieutenant Gatewood with a small party of cavalry, unknown to the rest of us, had gone ahead early that morning. By that time it was almost dark and the column of us had nearly ten miles to make up on a mountain sheff. So when the advance guard came up, we had supper and made camp for the night. We built our campfires with a screen of brush so the redskins couldn't locate us and posted night scouts well in advance of the camp. I rolled up in my blanket, rifle and Colts at my side when one of Lieutenant Gatewood's scouts rode into camp and said Geronimo was ready to pow-wow with the big white chief, Miles.

Captain Lawton, who was in command of the advance guard, shook his head. Geronimo had no intention of surrendering, he said —it was only a stand-off. As Captain Lawton had contradicted the scout, nothing more was said. Next morning General Miles ordered an advance to find out the strength of the enemy which had been reported at about 300. Some of the officers said there couldn't be that many because the Mexican troops had given the band quite a battle on the border and they knew Geronimo had lost a lot of braves.

As soon as daylight came an advance party was sent ahead on a reconnoitering expedition. I was at the head of the main column and rode up into the Sierra Madre Mountains about four miles. Within hailing distance of Wood's camp, one of the outposts called to me and told me Geronimo had been captured by Lieutenant Wood and his party and that there were only about seventy Indians in the band. I knew then that Captain Lawton had made a mistake and that there had been a lot of exaggeration concerning the strength of the Apache warparty.

Geronimo acted surprised at the way things had turned out. He signaled Tom Horn that he wanted him to interpret for him. Tom rode forward and Geronimo shook hands with him and called him "Amigo!" (friend).

Tom got off his cayuse and lit his pipe and commenced to draw circles in the dirt which meant Peace. The Indians squatted in a circle and the pow-wow was on.

Geronimo said he wanted to see Big White Chief Miles, but he wouldn't talk to Gray Wolf (Crook). General Miles was back in camp resting after the rough march and we had our doubts whether he would want to be disturbed just then. But I knew General Miles well, having been in a number of campaigns with him, and I said the least we could do was to try and fix up an interview. So I went to his headquarters and asked if I might give some news to him. He said to come in and I stepped into the tent. I told him that Geronimo had surrendered and that he asked for a pow-wow with Great White Chief. General Miles got up and said he would go back with me and see what the chief had to say.

We arrived at the campfire and Geronimo came forward and shook hands with General Miles. Geronimo seemed much pleased at the sight of the General. A council of war was soon going on and it was finally decided that the surrender was unconditional. The terms of the surrender were forwarded to the War Department in Washington for confirmation and we waited for further orders as to what we should do with Geronimo and his Apaches.

At last orders came from Washington that we were to take Chief Geronimo and his Indian band to Fort Marion at St. Augustine, Florida. The idea of taking that outfit of wild Indians a circle and the pow-wow was on. over the deserts and then by rail clear to Florida struck us as a big undertaking. But we started. The trip up Sulphur Springs Valley to Fort Bowie, Arizona Territory, was a distance of about 400 miles. It took us twenty-one days to make this lap of the trip. It was a tough trip across the desert and through the Valley, but we got safely to Fort Bowie at last.

The seventy-one Indians we had under our care were both old and young men, their squaws and some papooses. Two of the squaws gave birth to Indian babies on the march and made an interesting addition to our flock. We put the mothers and babies in the ambulance and took care of them until we were able to reach Fort Bowie.

The Indians, as well as ourselves, seemed glad of the end of the desert trip for there at the fort we had comfortable quarters for them in the guardhouse. And once more we waited the next orders from Washington. In about ten days orders came to load our Indians in railroad cars (these were of the old wooden passenger kind) and go along on our journey.

On this lap of our trip two stops were made. One at Fort Bliss El Paso, Texas, and at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas. At that time San An-

(Continued on Page 21)

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Last Minute Suggestions for Christmas

By Mary Lee Swann

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Lace Cookies.

MIX ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup rolled oats, ½ cup cocoanut, ½ cup chopped pecan meats and a few drops vanilla. Drop once on a greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, 10 or 15 minutes.

Veal Loaf (Christmas Eve).

PASS 2½ pounds lean veal (from round) and ½ pound lean ham through meat-grinder two or three times. Add ¼ teaspoon pepper and 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons catsup and, if you like, 4 tablespoons prepared horseradish. Add 1 cup cracker-crumbs, 1 finely-chopped green pepper (discarding seeds), 1 tablespoon onion juice, 1 beaten egg and 1 cup chopped fresh or canned mushrooms. (If fresh mushrooms are used they should be sauteed for 5 minutes in a little melted butter before adding to the meat). Mix well and place in greased loaf pan in the bottom of which 2 or 3 thin slices of bacon have been placed. Lay a piece of bacon on top of loaf. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, for 1½ hours, basting frequently. Turn out on hot platter and serve with gravy made according to your favorite recipe or as follows: To 2 tablespoons of drippings in the pan add 1 cup thick sour cream, 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon flour blended with 2 tablespoons cold chicken or turkey stock or water. Add salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Stir constantly until creamy and smooth.

Deviled Eggs (Christmas Night).

HARD-COOK as many eggs as are needed. Prepare gelatin aspic according to directions on package. Pour a little gelatin mixture in wet custard cups or muffin rings. Chill until set. Cut eggs in halves crosswise, remove yolks, mash and season with a little mayonnaise, salt, mustard, pepper and, if desired, chopped pickle or red pepper relish. Refill whites. Decorate with bits of pimiento and green pepper or olives to represent holly or poinsettias. Place eggs, decorated side down, on gelatin. Carefully pour remaining gelatin over eggs and chill. Turn out on lettuce or cress.

Creamed Chicken (California Style).

FILL halves of unpeeled calavos or avocados with well-seasoned creamed chicken and sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees, for 15 minutes or until crumbs are browned. Serve with jellied grapefruit salad, tomato ice-box rolls and hot coffee.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Sliced Pineapple, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toast, Bacon, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Creamed Codfish, Potato Muffins, Coffee.	Prunes with Lemon, Cereal, Eggs Scrambled with Sausage, Reheated Rolls, Coffee.	Canned Berries, Cereal, French Toast, Fruit.	Orange Juice, Rolled Oysters, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Apple Sauce, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Jelly, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Tomato Bouillon, Hot Potato Salad, Stuffed Frankfurters, Canned Blueberry Muffins, Stewed Fruit, Lace Cookies, Tea.	Italian Spaghetti, Beef and Red Cabbage Salad, Bran Bananas Muffins, Tea.	Creamed Salmon Loaf with Vegetables, Lemon Biscuits, Fruit Compote.	Baked Pork Spareribs with Sauerkraut, Baked Sweet Potatoes, Ginger Cup Cakes with Custard Sauce, Tea.	Canapes (Stars) Tomato Bouillon, Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy, Celery Hearts, Black Olives, Steamed Rice, Cauliflower, Christmas Star Salad, French Dressing, Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce, Coffee.	Cream of Tomato Soup, Broiled Pork Chops, Hot Pineapple Sauce with Cranberry, Brussels Sprouts or Broccoli, Christmas Bavarian, Coffee.	Bouillon, Roast Stuffed Pork Shoulder, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Rutabagas, Cranberry Jelly, Shredded Raw Cauliflower, Spiced Beet and Lettuce Salad, Steamed White Pudding with Hard Sauce, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*	*Supper*	*Supper*
Stewed Lamb Stew, Paprika Dumplings, Asparagus, Green Tomato Pickle, Orange Charlotte.	Roast Beef Chuck, Baked Potatoes, Brown Gravy, Mashed Carrots, Apple Betty.	French Rolls, Macedonia Green Salad, Christmas Tapioca.	Welsh Rabbit, Toast,	(Company) Cranberry Cocktail, Creamed Chicken on Toast, Green Peas, Ice-Box Cake, Coffee.	(Company) Deviled Eggs (Christmas Style), Raw Carrot Straws, Celery Hearts, Roast Duck, Bread Potatoes, Hot Pineapple Sauce with Cranberry, Brussels Sprouts or Broccoli, Christmas Bavarian, Coffee.	(Company) Deviled Eggs (Christmas Style), Raw Carrot Straws, Celery Hearts, Roast Duck, Bread Potatoes, Hot Pineapple Sauce with Cranberry, Brussels Sprouts or Broccoli, Christmas Bavarian, Coffee.

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

(Continued from Page 20)

tonio was a town scattered in all directions and spread over considerable territory.

The well known quadrangle at Fort Sam Houston was our jumping-off point. And here we camped with our Indians when they were finally unloaded. A strong military guard was there to escort them to the quadrangle. These troops expected the Indians to run and lead them a chase, perhaps give their famous war-cry. This did not happen, but a few funny things did.

As the caravan taking the Indians to the quadrangle moved forward, Chief Geronimo peeked from behind the curtains of his wagon, which was drawn by army mules. He grinned and wiggled his fingers at his nose and cursed in Spanish. As he turned his head one of the soldiers on horseback grabbed one of the chief's plaits of hair with a yank. The Indian chief let out a roar and the mule team nearly ran away. As the wagons rattled along the Indians commenced to chant and make warwhoops and the old army mules, not used to redskins with war-cries, decided to bolt. One of the wagons broke a king-bolt and scattered a bunch of the bucks out over the road. The Indians were not as much hurt as they were scared at the galloping mules and the yelling soldiers. But we finally got them all quieted down and went on to the end of the quadrangle in military formation.

Uncle Sam treated these Indians mighty good. He ordered fine tents pitched in the shade of large trees and provided cots and a regulation army cook and mess fed them. The Indians looked at their clean dishes, the plates, cups, knives and forks at the Government black coffee, and they seemed well content to settle down.

The squaws soon found out that favors were to be had for the asking and they called for wagons to go to town. They got them and they went to a store on the Plaza in San Antonio and bought all the red calico in the shop. The sight of those Apache squaws with their papooses rigged out in all of the gaudy finery, with an escort of cavalry parading around on the old military plaza in front of the store, drew a big crowd.

Besides the raid on the red calico counter the squaws bought knick-knacks and posed for their photographs in front of the store and with the shopping done, the photos taken, accompanied by grunts and grins, the happy shopping party climbed into Uncle Sam's Government wagons once more and headed back for Fort Sam Houston. Most of those squaws had never been in a store before but they acted like old shoppers.

I did not go to town that day. I stayed at the fort with Chief Geronimo to keep him quiet and satisfied and with Tom Horn, played dominoes, of which the chief was very fond. That Indian chief was a real domino player and would play for hours. The chief was great for gambling games of any kind. He did not talk much but now and then, if in the mood, would chat with Tom Horn and myself. He had sense enough to know his raiding days were over and that the pale-faces were going to treat him right.

Our stop at Fort Sam Houston at the quadrangle lasted about eighteen days. Then orders came to load our Indians on the train and go on to Fort Marion at St. Augustine. This move brought out a lot of grunting objections from our copper-colored prisoners. They had enjoyed life at the quadrangle and wanted to stay there.

We stopped on our way at Houston. There at the Grand Central Station we allowed our Indians to get out and stretch their legs. Houston also turned out to see Chief Geronimo and his Apaches. The scene was more like a comic opera road show than that of a band of wild Indians that had been the terror of the Southwest.

Our arrival at Fort Marion at St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest city in the United States, was the end of that trek from the mountains in Old Mexico to Florida with Chief Geronimo and his band of murderous Apaches. The Indians were tame now and were grunting'ly glad to be out of those railroad cars and be where they could stretch their legs.

But the damp climate and malaria killed off quite a lot of them and the Government moved what were left to Fort Sill, Indian Territory. They were kept in a military prison until old Geronimo died. He was converted by the missionaries at the post and was given a Christian burial.

I remember one time, when the old chief got too much fire-water. He went on a rampage, and with his scalp robe, which, he said, lacked but three more human scalps, he war-danced a little, but he was soon grabbed by the soldiers before he did any harm.

People have asked me why the Indian wars lasted so long—couldn't understand why the United States Army didn't clean up the redskins pronto. Well, it wasn't so easy. A few years ago General Pershing with a big army and heavy guns and airplanes marched down into Mexico to get Villa, the bandit, and his outfit. He wandered around and came back and never even caught sight of him.

The redskin warriors had a big advantage over the army cavalry. The warwhoops traveled light, but the soldiers were loaded down with a lot of outfit. The Indian brave usually wore a red bandana handkerchief to hold back the black, wiry coarse hair, and he doffed himself up with a few glass beads or strings of dried berries or various trinkets he got from the pale-faces. He traveled pretty well naked, except a G-string around his middle and buckskin moccasins on his legs to keep the thorns and cactus needles from scratching him. On the war-path he wore a war bonnet of feathers and painted his face with two or three colors.

The soldiers loaded their horses with a 40-pound saddle and blanket roll and canteen of water. The soldier himself was quite a load for his horse, with his cavalry boots and army clothes and accoutrements. Besides this the troops had to have camp and cooking equipment. So the warwhoops could outride the slow moving, heavily loaded cavalry, and the Indians knew the soldiers couldn't catch them. They were more afraid of the cowboys. These ranchers were just as good riders as the redskins, and they did not carry heavy equipment. The cowpunchers were well armed and good shooters with their long-range rifles.

The Indians could get along with very little water. In desert fighting they would fill up a strip of horse intestines with water and sling it across their pony's back. The warrior also carried a hunk of roasted maguey, a kind of stringy food that didn't turn sour. This was known as mescal bread, made from the maguey root by roasting it under cover until it softens up into a white, sticky, sweetish mass. It had a lot of nourishment. Then they had some hard bread baked from mesquite seeds and a few hunks of dried horse-meat.

So it was that the Indians, when they went on the war-path traveled faster than the soldiers and were not delayed by any wagon train of supplies and could eat what they needed while in the saddle and keep right on going. If a war party was out longer than expected, the Indians could stop and kill and eat a few rattlesnakes and lizards and go on again. Neither the Indians nor the cowpunchers needed to carry a watch. They could tell time very well by the shadow a tree or a cactus threw on the ground.

Some of the Indians were better armed than the soldiers. Most of the warwhoops had Winchester repeating rifles that fired a moderate sized bullet and were good up to about 1,800 feet, but many of them had the Sharps Special, a one-shot 45-calibre rifle, that used a cartridge about four inches long and threw a great big bullet much further and with greater accuracy than the Winchesters. So the Indians were not so much afraid of the cavalry except in a stand-up fight, and that was the kind of fighting they never figured to be caught in. But with the cowpunchers it was different—the redskins didn't like those hard-riding, straight-shooting ranchmen.

In the next chapter I'll tell about some of the hard-boiled white men I knew who when they dressed in the morning, used to hang a big six-shooter on each hip, a smaller one in a coat pocket and a sawed-off shotgun under their double-breasted coats.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3577—GAY RIC-RAC OUTLINES BECOMING NOTCHED COLLAR, SURPLICE POCKETS AND BRIEF SLEEVES FOR SLIMMING WASH FROCK. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric and 3¾ yards ric-rac braid.

Pattern 3575—PRINCESS LINES ADD ZEST TO A FETCHING SCHOOL OR PLAY FROCK! GRAND IN BRIGHTLY-FIGURED CHALLIS OR PERCALE. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

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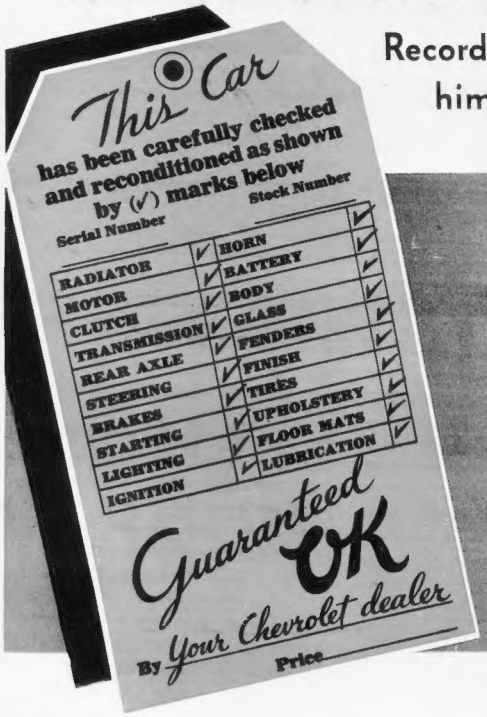

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